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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

We are glad to record the admission of Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, to the sitting of Wednesday's Cabinet. We gather that the event was a deliberate and formal association, not the kind of incidental consultation under which members of the Privy Council and various experts are occasionally brought into the Cabinet room and asked for their advice. The precedent is large and serious, and is one proof among many of the elastic way in which our Constitution adapts itself to new emergencies. It is a specially wise act in view of the heroic service of the Canadian troops in keeping the broken line at Ypres.

* * *

GENERAL BOTHA has brought his campaign in South-West Africa to a triumphant close, and has received the surrender of its whole fighting forces. These numbered 3,500 men, and they have yielded unconditionally in the sense that no political terms were even discussed, but General Botha, thinking no doubt of the past in the Boer Republics, and of the future harmony of all South Africa, has conceded the full honors of war to his prisoners. The officers will be freed on parole, and even the men will retain their arms. The campaign began in earnest early in February, and has lasted five months. With superior forces, General Botha was always able to outmanoeuvre the enemy, and to surround him when he halted. Neither side lost touch with the few railways of the colony, and when the Germans were finally driven to the rail-head at Otavi, they surrendered without a thought of undertaking guerilla warfare, as Boers would undoubtedly have done. They

fought only three delaying actions of any consequence, and the casualties of both sides were low. General Botha's achievement involved the skilful combination of converging movements and the brilliant management of transport in a peculiarly difficult, sparsely-peopled, and nearly waterless country. The German defence, not very creditable as a military performance, was grossly stained by the act of poisoning the wells.

* * *

DAMARALAND had for the Germans a certain sentimental importance, for it was their first colony, and its acquisition, just a quarter of a century ago, signalized Bismarck's conversion to Colonial Imperialism. Its only considerable wealth is its diamond field; its white population is only 15,000; its expenditure nearly doubled its revenue, and the holding of it had involved prolonged and serious fighting before the warlike Hereros were repressed. In the early days of German colonialism it was undoubtedly valued for its strategical position, and the idea of working across the continent north of our possessions, with the aid of the Boer Republics, was a dream revived in the present war. The answer to it was Cecil Rhodes's expansion northwards.

* * *

THE movements of the Eastern campaign are peculiarly difficult to follow this week, for little German or Austrian news has been published here. A new offensive has begun from the North against Warsaw, but in East Poland and Galicia there has been a general halt in the German advance, and this is not surprising, for, apart from the need of rest, the task of provisioning large armies in the wholly rail-less, and nearly roadless area of Poland between the Vistula and the Bug must be inordinately difficult. The Russians inflicted a very heavy check on the enemy's centre under the Archduke Joseph, which was advancing through Krasnik on Lublin. Its left was outflanked, and nearly crushed, losing in the process, according to the Russian official news, some 20,000 prisoners. This check did not, however, involve any appreciable retreat, and the Austrians maintained themselves pretty steadily, in spite of their losses, on the heights north of Krasnik. The end of this Russian counter-offensive was officially announced in Tuesday's *communiqué*, and, having finished their work, we are told that the Russians retired some five miles.

* * *

It is useless with such meagre news to speculate on this Eastern situation. The only safe remark is that a deadlock on these lines, far from any railway base, seems out of the question. The Germans must either advance or retire, and they are certainly bent on a further advance. Their immediate aim in Eastern Poland is no doubt to get astride the Russian strategical railway, Ivangorod-Lublin-Cholm. It is doubtful whether the Russians will risk a decisive action here by staking everything on defeating the German advance. They are, moreover, threatened from other quarters. It had been rumored that armies have been withdrawn from the East for the Western front. The meaning of these movements of troops can now be guessed from the news,

briefly given in the Russian *communiqués*, that "considerable enemy forces" are advancing apparently on Warsaw from the north, and that the Russians are retreating before them. The German advance is from East Prussia to the river Narew, down all its tributaries, and Przasnysz has already fallen. This implies no doubt that men have been brought round by rail from Galicia to Thorn, so that Warsaw may be threatened from north, west, and south simultaneously. The wise Russian strategy, to avoid decisive engagements, may involve the loss of further ground.

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THE Germans are apparently prepared to combine a vehement and continuous offensive in the East with some aggressive activity in the West. They are apparently no longer interested in Calais, but seem to aim at the taking of Verdun. Their recent attacks have all pointed at it, now from the north in the Argonne, and again from the south-east on the "Calonne" trench and the St. Mihiel wedge. This week, the Crown Prince's army has renewed its offensive in the Argonne woods. The Germans claim "a complete success." Trenches, they say, were carried at two points, at one of them on a front of two miles and for a depth of half-a-mile. They further state that they took 2,580 unwounded and 300 wounded prisoners, with some small guns. The French admit enemy gains of a quarter of a mile in depth, but these were apparently balanced in some degree by small French gains at other points of this wooded, rocky plateau. Little is reported from the British lines, and though there has been some fighting on the fringes of the Lens salient, the big French offensive there seems at length to have come to an end. An encouraging French success was reported from Fontenelle in the Vosges, where important positions were carried and over 800 prisoners taken.

* * *

THE regular alternation of Allied attack and Turkish counter-attack continues at the Dardanelles, and this week, as a result of our offensive, there is a distinct net gain to record. The advance was made all along our right and right centre and on the French front, which forms the extreme right. It amounts to less than a quarter of a mile, but it resulted in the capture of 400 prisoners. If, as we suppose, the Turkish supply of munitions is short, and cannot be replaced while Roumania remains rigidly neutral, there is a strong case for a resolute offensive—if we have the shells.

* * *

THERE is little fresh material in Sir John French's despatch reporting our reverses before Ypres in April, and our success at Festubert. The familiar tale of Canadian gallantry and the horrors of the first use of chlorine gas are told once more. While Sir John French attributes most of our loss of ground to the gas, it is significant that he refers repeatedly and emphatically to the superiority of the German artillery. That our own was inadequate or ill-supplied is the obvious inference. It appears from this despatch that Hill 60 has been definitely lost. The official news about it was that we had recaptured some of the lost trenches. For several weeks the official news has told us virtually nothing; it is unpleasant to discover that this silence conceals, not inaction, but minor reverses. The despatch makes the first public mention of the arrival at the actual front of some divisions of the new armies. Sir John French speaks very highly of them, and, in particular, praises the good work of their artillery, which has been tested in the firing line.

THE Conference of the South Wales Miners' delegates on Monday took a startling step, rejecting the Government proposals for a settlement of the wages dispute, and announcing its intention to close the pits on the following Thursday unless the claims originally made were conceded. This resolution came as a great surprise, for it was properly expected that the miners would fall in with the recommendations of the Executive that work should continue, and a further meeting be arranged. The Conference, however, refused either to adopt this policy or to submit the question to a ballot. The Executive of the Miners Federation and the Executive of the South Wales Federation both urged the miners not to break off work; but when Thursday came the pits in most places were idle, and nearly 200,000 miners were out. It was generally expected, however, that the later efforts of the leaders—some of the most advanced men gallantly threw themselves into the breach—would be successful, and Mr. Runciman agreed to renew negotiations at the point where they broke down.

* * *

THE men's original demand, set out in our columns a month ago by Mr. Mellor, involved a general revision of a settlement which was utterly out of date. The new standard rates are to be 35 and 50 per cent. above the old standards of 1872 and 1877; the maximum rate was to be abolished; all underground workers engaged on afternoon and night shifts were to be paid at the rate of six turns for five worked, and surfacemen were to have a minimum of 5s. 6d. a day. These proposals the masters declined to discuss; a proceeding unreasonable at any time, outrageous at this. Mr. Runciman, however, succeeded, after long efforts, in breaking down their obstinacy, and negotiations commenced, the men working meanwhile under day-to-day contracts. Mr. Runciman's proposals, which issued from these negotiations, conceded most of the men's demands, but they gave the surfacemen 5s. instead of 5s. 6d. a day, and there is apparently some ambiguity attaching to the terms of settlement. The scheme was accepted by the Executive Council of the South Wales Miners Federation on the last day of June, but only by a majority of 123 votes to 112. The Government have retorted on the strike by appointing a Munitions Court to try offences, with an excellent Chairman, Mr. Robert Wallace.

* * *

NEITHER force nor vituperation of the men will settle this trouble. The working classes have been tactlessly handled. They are quite as much concerned for the national cause as anybody else, and the recent discussion of the war at the meeting of the General Federation of Trade Unions shows that they feel about it as they have felt about no war in the past. The miners themselves have sent over 200,000 men to the armies, and the miners' battalions are among the best they contain. But their critics are quite unable to consider or understand their position. Take, for example, the demand of the miners that the agreement should extend for a period beyond the end of the war. It is vital for them to demand protection against a slump when peace comes. Nor can we too often repeat that the idea that the Munitions Bill or similar measures carry us any further to the desired end is a perilous illusion. What we want is to have the full work of the workmen for the benefit of the nation; that will not be obtained if they are merely dragged into acquiescence.

* * *

THE Government's Bill for limiting the price of coal has made its appearance this week. Late in time,

it is disappointing in substance. It deals only with pit-head prices, limiting these prices to a level 4s. a ton higher than the price on the corresponding day last year. This figure the Board of Trade may increase where there are special conditions. Retail prices are not touched, and the Bill is not to apply to existing contracts—a serious matter, for contracts as a rule are made in June and therefore the scope of the Bill is much reduced. We doubt whether any measure on these lines can be effective, and we imagine, therefore, that Mr. Runciman has in his mind some further dealing with the more vital point of controlling the output.

* * *

LORD KITCHENER had a triumphal progress to the Guildhall on Friday week on his way to deliver a fresh appeal for recruits. The tone of his speech was properly optimistic, though he repeated his forecast that the war would be a long one. We were in an immeasurably better position than ten months ago, and Germany's force must decrease while ours increased. He paid a singularly handsome tribute to Mr. Lloyd George's "energetic" application to the problem of munitions, and plainly repeated his faith in the voluntary system. But he thought that though the "residuum" of absolute "do-nothings" was relatively small, they existed, and he suggested that they should put their inaction before the tribunal of their conscience. Legally, they need only go if they chose, but morally it was "up to" them to go. The Registration Bill would be useful to enable the authorities to note the men between the ages of nineteen and forty who were not required for munitions or for necessary industries. Possibly, but it is surely "up to" the Government first to say what is their precise need in these three directions. If the truth were told, it would probably discover the fact that we had already rather overdone than underdone our soldiering.

* * *

THE question of forced service was treated in a very different spirit by Mr. Long and Lord Lansdowne. On Friday week, the former, speaking to the Association of Municipal Corporations on the Registration Bill, had the audacity to say that the Government's hands were absolutely free to propose compulsion, and personally he would not remain a member if it hesitated to adopt it as a necessary measure. The Coalition can probably exist without Mr. Long, but not without a degree of common loyalty. Practically he claimed the Prime Minister, who declared that no compulsion was in contemplation, as an adherent of this doctrine of a free run for it. Mr. Asquith, he said,

"would be the last man in this country to say anything to-day in reference to the situation in which we find ourselves which would prevent the Government adopting compulsory service to-morrow if they believed it to be right and necessary in order to bring the war to an end."

The point, of course, is whether the Prime Minister believes in the likelihood of any such antagonism between voluntary service and the needs of the war. The answer to this question is obviously No.

* * *

LORD LANSDOWNE, in moving the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, spoke with still more precision than his colleague. After saying that in one sense the Bill did not bring compulsory service nearer, he suggested that it did, because he believed that the country would no longer tolerate voluntary service "with its

present injustices and anomalies." If it came, the registration would help to shorten the interval between a decision to resort to conscription and its actual application. We believe this speech to be a gross breach of the understanding under which the measure was framed and submitted to Parliament. It is certainly a wide departure from the amenities of Cabinet life, even under a Coalition. Liberal Ministers have been careful to dissociate the Bill from their views about conscription. Some Conservative Ministers have been equally eager to associate it with them.

* * *

MR. MCKENNA gave, on Tuesday, a sketch of the brilliant success of the War Loan. The number of subscribers through the banks and post-offices is 1,097,000, a great widening of the area of popular investment in public stock. The 550,000 investors through the banks subscribed £570,000,000, all "new money." The 547,000 post-office lenders applied for £15,000,000, part of which, of course, represents transfers from the Savings Bank. The Chancellor insisted that the loan was mainly made up of "available resources," not from the sale of securities, for there was no market. This, however, would not apply to money borrowed from the banks. In a later debate, Mr. McKenna promised a resort to taxation, but did not announce the date.

* * *

THE text of the German reply to the United States presents a baffling study in psychology. On the one hand, it again evades, no doubt deliberately, the real point of the American contention, that it is an outrage on humanity to torpedo a ship without warning, and an outrage on law to destroy her without search. On the other hand, its tone shows a sort of elephantine tact. It talks of Jefferson, Franklin, and Adams, and harps on the traditional agreement of Prussia and the States to oppose the British doctrine of capture. There are some lame excuses for the destruction of the "Lusitania"; surprise is expressed that she sank so quickly, and the plea is actually advanced that if she had been warned she could have rammed the submarine. That, we imagine, is technically nonsense, as it is morally contemptible. In general, the lamb is blamed for the outrages of the wolf.

* * *

THE business part of the Note makes a proposal which American comment treats as an insult; to the German mind, which refuses to see that America is standing for a principle, it may have seemed a concession. It is that American passenger ships, if they are warranted to carry no contraband, if they are conspicuously marked, and if timely notice is given of their sailing, will not be molested by the submarines. Other neutral ships under the American flag may enjoy the same privileges, and it is even conceded that four British liners may be set apart on the same terms for this tolerated passenger service. In this way American citizens will have reasonable facilities for travel. Thus an attempt is made to meet the practical point that the submarine blockade causes danger and inconvenience to Americans. But the principle advanced by Dr. Wilson, that American subjects have a right to travel in any unarmed passenger ships without the risk of murder, is flatly rejected. American comment is contemptuous and indignant, and it is expected that the President will make a firm reply. But Mr. Bryan's peace party and the definitely pro-German party make a formidable combination, and it would be unwise to expect from America anything beyond verbal hostilities.

Politics and Affairs.

THE TASK OF SIR EDWARD GREY.

"THE GREAT SETTLEMENT." By C. ERNEST FAYLE.
(Murray.)

"THE ROAD TOWARDS PEACE." By CHARLES W. ELIOT.
(Constable.)

"TOWARDS INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT." By JOHN A. HOBSON.
(Allen & Unwin.)

"SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PREVENTION OF WAR." ("The New Statesman," 10th July, 1915.) By S. WOOLF.

"PERPETUAL PEACE: A PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAY." By IMMANUEL KANT. Translated by M. Campbell Smith.
(Allen & Unwin.)

SIR EDWARD GREY's return to the Foreign Office restores to politics the statesman to whom more than to any of his contemporaries the world looks for the means of re-establishing its normal life. Nor has his country a less expectation of him. It has at this moment a special use for his calm mind and disinterested character. Periods of storm throw up many personalities, and a nation quickly discovers the stuff of which its ablest sons are made. Egoism, restlessness, jealousy, vanity, find a ready market no less than strength of will, quick intelligence, fine and sober calculation, and the resolve to subordinate private to public ends. For the nobler and steadier leaders of our people two tasks present themselves, and it is the duty of writers and thinkers to prepare a supporting force of public opinion. The first is the concentration of their *energy* on the prosecution of a war which can only be lost at the price of England ceasing to be the Power that she is to-day. The second is the direction of their *mind* to the problems of the peace. These two questions are not separable. They are, indeed, part of the same problem. We can envisage two kinds of settlement, eliminating the third—the victory of Germany—as outside the reasonable probabilities. The first is that at which Germany almost avowedly aims, a drawn contest, ending in a truce, committing every one of the lately warring nations, and as many neutrals as they can bring in, to a renewal of the fight for supremacy in which she engaged the world. We need not discuss the tragedy of such a situation, save to say that a special responsibility for averting it rests on progressives and pacifists. The second type of settlement supposes an essentially conquered Germany, that is to say, a Germany recognizing that she has lost her chance of dominating Europe by force. Again, two motives must operate to bring about this change of mood. The first is that a clear balance of armed power rests with the Allies. But when we examine this situation, we do not find in it a promise of finality. If Germany escapes internal dissension and a change of political system, she may, relying on her natural resources, and under the fourfold influence of her Prussian soldiers, rulers, bureaucrats, and professors, devote herself to the double task of re-establishing her shattered militarism and undermining the compacts of the Allies.

It is, therefore, of the first practical importance that Germany's medium for fresh destructive work should be something different from the Europe of yesterday, that it

should, in a word, present new moral and physical barriers to an aggrandizing Power. In the absence of such safeguards, Sir Edward Grey's attempt to create a re-grouping of European forces on the basis of Kant's idea of a mutual guarantee of States against aggressive action was bound to fail. The will to peace persisted in the Europe of July and August, 1914, among its adult men and women, to such a degree that, if it could have been mobilized in time, there could have been no war. But no such machinery existed. Europe wanted a moratorium, a breathing-space in which to arrange for the compounding of its load of hates and complications. She could not get it. Diplomacy having failed, the passage to mobilization was taken at a single bound. There was the Hague Conference; but its influence was so small and so unfamiliar that Serbia's and Russia's proposal of reference was never even noted by the Germanic Powers. The difficulty was not the absence of international law, nor the habit of conference among the Powers. Both were available, and represent, as Mr. Woolf remarks in his "Suggestions for the Prevention of War," the great landmark of nineteenth-century polity. The trouble was that there was nothing in the habits and institutions of our international life strong enough to stand up against Austria's demand, and Germany's ruthless backing of it, to settle her quarrel with Serbia irrespective of the peril to the general peace. In other words, there was no real comity of Europe, because no available means existed for realizing it. The matter of the Austro-Serbian dispute was not known to the general European public at all, while its power of settlement without the vast injury of war rested entirely on diplomatists, whose chief weapon was the demonstration or the fear of force. The war, therefore, being invited by the two nations which repelled the international law-idea, has naturally resulted in a savage repudiation by land and sea of those of its enactments which interfered with the force-idea in its most extreme forms. Broken treaties, conventions, customs, codes of mercy and safety for non-combatants, strew the slag-heaps into which the dwellings of men have been turned by the inventions of Krupp and Creusot. An average peace, therefore, with a crop of crude annexations and indemnities, is far beneath the needs of our time. Europe must lay afresh the foundations of international society which she began to build after her last great war.

So far as we can discover, nearly all the writers who look to a new community of European nations agree in the main in seeking two methods of ensuring it. Most causes of war have been fined down in modern thought to "judiciable" disputes, referable to a legal tribunal like that of the Hague, and disputes which touch the changing life of States in its larger aspects. In other words, international law, as an alternative to war, calls for an adaptation to international society of the forces which govern national society—namely, law courts and a representative organ. It is the latter need over which the great controversy will arise, for it is easy to equip the Hague Tribunal with a body of first-rate jurists and to give it a better proportional representation of the great and the small States than it

now possesses. Now, it is clear that we cannot abolish nations and their sovereignties, and cannot therefore force them prematurely into the international mould. It is also clear that we cannot at once alter the general disposition of European and world affairs, which lies with the Great Powers. We can only modify it. Nor can we have a rigid, conservative, or even reactionary organ of international life, such as the Congress of Vienna developed, for nations, like individuals, obey the law of change.

What is wanted is a standing Council of Statesmen, representing States and Parliaments that have agreed to refer their political disputes to this body before making any warlike move or preparation, and to abide by its decisions. We agree with Mr. Woolf that the more we insist on the agreement of the conferring or contracting States to accept the findings of such a Council, the less is it necessary to parade the use of force against recalcitrants. The aim is to draw the nations into a fresh association, as well as to provide a body to which the distracted bureaucrats of last year could have resorted, as a matter of normal practice, when their Foreign Office broke down and they ran into the ever-open arms of their general staffs. Clearly the nation which refused such a resort would write itself an outlaw among its fellows, and would call down on its head many moral and economic penalties before an ultimate use of physical force. If once we can erect and maintain a great buffer territory of debate and decision between the diplomats and the generals, and devise means of crossing and exploring it in such intervals as the Twelve Days of July and August last, we shall at least give the mind and conscience of Europe time to counter-mine their enemies. If the would-be offender moved towards war during the period of the *moratorium*, and before his case had been considered and determined by the Conference of which he was a member, he should have against him, not a (possibly) inferior and dissoluble balance of hostile forces, but a standing Peace League, backed by overwhelming moral and, finally, physical powers. This authority would have under its eyes the general balance of State forces in the world, and would report of it from time to time to its constituents. It would therefore be always in full sight and cognizance of the danger-signals on the main and branch lines of inter-State traffic. The greatest practical difficulty would be the inclusion or exclusion of Austria-Germany. Germany, still under Prussian leadership, might, as we have said, stand out in the spirit of sullenness or revenge, and it might be necessary to constitute the Peace League without and against her. But who thinks this reckons without the change of heart, the atmosphere of grief and fear, in which the men and women of Europe will sit down, like Queen Constance, to mourn their lost sons. If Germany's account will be the heaviest of all, so we imagine will be her ultimate settlement with the men who brought her to it. One consideration is obvious: if Germany stayed out of the authority, she would the more proclaim herself the enemy of civilization. And if she came in, she would have to bow to the general laws of civilized order it would impose.

THE WAR FOR THE IDEAS OF 1789.

It is natural that different aspects of the great war should strike different minds, and that one writer should find one formula, and another another, to describe this conflict of forces and ideas. To-day, the anniversary of the famous scene when Louis XVI. entered Paris, and went to the Guild Hall wearing the tricolor to confess to the nation that the Bastille had not fallen in vain, we may take as an apt summary of the issue the words of the distinguished German Professor who has told us that Germany is making war on the ideas of 1789. M. Viviani, in his eloquent speech last week, linked the traditions of the United States with the traditions of the French Republic, associating two of the greatest monuments of history, the Declaration of Independence and the Declaration of the Rights of Man. When Louis XVI. accepted for the time the moral of the 14th of July, the fate of the assembly that drew up the second of those documents was still in suspense. But the first attempt at a counter-revolution had failed, and the imagination of Frenchmen has seized on the taking of the Bastille as the event that symbolizes the victory of ideas of which France has been the great witness to mankind. Historians have often laughed at Fox for his impulsive declaration that the taking of the Bastille was the greatest thing that had happened in the world, but a street battle that lives for a century in the mind of a noble people as one of its sovereign memories must possess a moral importance that has escaped these matter-of-fact critics. And the truth surely is that the day when Paris armed herself and defeated the King marks a crisis in the fortunes of a faith that inspires France to-day, as it inspired the France that struggled for her life, first with the Court, and then with Europe, a century ago. For the moral teaching of the Revolution is the common and conscious inheritance of Frenchmen, in the sense in which the modern Italian feels for the Risorgimento, and the modern German for the achievement of blood and iron; a tradition with a life and meaning that we in these islands do not readily appreciate, for our national struggles for unity are ancient history, and our institutions represent less simple ideas and awaken less passionate memories.

What idea is it that we associate with France, whether, as British democrats, we sympathize with that idea, or whether, like the German Professor, we make war on it—with the France that looks back to 1789? The answer is to be found in the word "citizen." What was a Prussian to the normal Prussian mind in 1789? He was a noble or a peasant, an officer or a private soldier. What was an Englishman to Pitt or Castle-reagh? He was a squire or a manufacturer, belonging either wholly or in part to a privileged and powerful class, or he stood outside, belonging perhaps to Pitt's "ignorant and profligate" population of workmen, to Burke's "swinish multitude," or to the "laboring poor." What was a Frenchman to the generation that took fire over the Declaration of the Rights of Man? He was a citizen. And it was precisely this aspect of the Revolution, this belief that the attributes common to men were more important than the accidents that distinguished them, this idea of the nation as a community

of citizens, free and equal, that most terrified the English opponents of the Revolution. Across the Channel there was a nation in which the term aristocrat implied something sinister, and the differences of rank and of wealth, on which good government reposed, were treated with scorn. The proposal to allow these subject classes to be educated awakened horror, and the thinker who talked of the rights of man and the meaning of citizenship landed his readers as well as his printers in prison. What the English upper class dreaded most in the Revolution was not its excesses and its violence, but its fundamental ideas; its defiance of that principle of inequality which seemed to Wilberforce as to Burke the revelation of the divine law to mankind.

German apologists for the war which Germany has inflicted on Europe do not all agree in their account of its motives and origins, but the German Professor who described it as a war against the ideas of 1789 called attention to one important aspect. For the German theory of the State is largely a protest against this capital truth of democracy. Nowhere indeed is that truth yet realized in practice any more than the teaching of the Christian religion. Parliamentary Government has had innumerable disappointments, and no nation has yet learnt how to reconcile the idea of citizenship with the arrangements of industrialism. But in a groping kind of way most peoples accept the ideas of 1789 as the basis of their thinking. The politicians, whether here or in Italy, in France, or in Belgium, think and talk of the State as an association in which the citizen has a conscious share. Inequalities are not praised in themselves; the disregard of popular feeling or popular opinion is treated as something that has to be palliated or explained. The German State is the deliberate repudiation of these commonplaces of Western thought and sentiment. Treitschke's career, Bülow's book, the German mode of speaking and thinking about Europe in this war, they all illustrate this important truth. What the German says in effect is: "You think that what the world wants is a better realization of the ideas of 1789. We tell you that what the world wants is to get rid of 1789; to destroy this bad basis, and to build society on some other foundation instead. The world went astray at the French Revolution, and we are now summoning it back to Frederick the Great. That was the true starting point." Take Treitschke's own intellectual development to see how one of Germany's leading and guiding minds came to this conclusion. He began as a Liberal, talking of the consent of the governed and of liberty as to ruling and being ruled at the same time. Then came the lure of Prussia as the saving power in Germany; lastly, there came the worship of Prussia as a system. He began by wanting Prussia to be like his ideal State; he ended by wanting every State to be like Prussia. And this meant the revolt against all the democratic ideas of the Revolution. The successful State would combine the military organization of the old Prussia with the aristocratic *régime* of the old England. The way to build up a strong, healthy, and contented society was to recognize frankly that the small must be sacrificed to the great and the many to the few. Not, of course, that this

implied the material suffering of the poor. Germany working on those lines organized an elaborate system of defence for the health and comfort of the weak. State regulation took account of the workman's interests so far as those interests affected his health and his usefulness to society. With all his hatred of Socialism, Treitschke regarded with horror the levity with which England had left the victims of the industrial revolution to their fate; and *laissez faire* is as repulsive to the German mind as are the ideas of democracy. What the German would say is that the French Revolution took men's imaginations away on a false quest, making them look for liberty and dream of citizenship, when the true salvation of mankind was to be found in the organization of the State from above in the spirit of Frederick the Great or Kaiser Joseph. The modern German Empire is in this sense the great opponent of the French Revolution. It represents the scientific development of the old philanthropic absolutism. It stands for a conception of the State in which the ideas of 1789 have never entered.

Some critics are provoked when it is said that this is a war for Liberal ideas. They say we are fighting for British interests, and think that is enough for them. So we are; but this is not merely a war for British interests or for British safety. It is a war for the defence of the ideas that have put the whole world in debt to France. Germany has much to teach mankind, but she is bent on teaching us the one lesson that the world is too enlightened to accept from her. We have to learn to organize, to use the power of the State for eradicating disease, poverty, and evil conditions of living, to substitute the methods of science for our habit of haphazard and casual experiment. But we are not going to renounce the great truths of freedom, the right of men and women to something more precious and ample than all the care and protection of the most thorough of bureaucracies, the right of peoples, in M. Viviani's phrase, to dispose of themselves. We are fighting for our own interests and our own safety. Yes; but we are glad to remember that we are taking part in a stern conflict for the defence of the noblest truths taught to mankind, as the ally—loyal and determined to the last—of the great teacher and benefactress of the world.

THE STORY OF THREE DAYS.

THE complete collapse of the German resistance in South-West Africa rouses a variety of reflections in a variety of minds. To some it is rejoicing at the first great triumph acquired by the British arms in a ten-months' war. To others it will be satisfaction at the addition of vast territories to the British Empire—much of them uncertainly productive, but others full of wealth in minerals and agriculture, and providing an opening for Back Veldt Boers who desire trekking into wide pastures, or for locations for natives, whose increasing birthrate is continually pressing against the boundaries of their present domains. But to some at least, the whole story which culminated in the vote of thanks of Parliament to General Louis Botha and his commandoes on Tuesday will evoke feelings in which the soil or diamonds of the actual conquered territories bear but little part in the comple-

tion of one of the most remarkable human dramas the world has ever seen.

A volume would be required to tell even the outline of that amazing episode whereby, not only has an individual soldier passed to almost dizzy heights of fortune, but Liberalism has been vindicated in a manner which must have exceeded its wildest dreams. Let it be sufficient here to notice the incidents of three widely separated parliamentary days.

The first is the House of Commons on August 16th, 1901—almost fourteen years ago. The Colonial Secretary had just instructed the British Commander-in-Chief in the Transvaal to issue a proclamation which, amongst other penalties, decreed that all commandants and leaders of the forces still resisting should, failing surrender before a short time limit, be “permanently banished from South Africa.” The Proclamation is challenged by Sir William Harcourt. “If you are dealing with belligerents, you have no right to banish them. If they are not belligerents, you cannot by proclamation banish them.” Mr. Chamberlain replies, to the satisfaction of the great majority, with the analogy of Alsace-Lorraine. Did not Germany banish from Alsace-Lorraine all disloyalists; and cannot the British Empire do to those who are “banditti guerillas” in South Africa what Germany has done so successfully in Alsace-Lorraine? An unchanging Tory press weighs in with unchanging Tory doctrine. It sneers and jibes at those who criticize the proclamation. It is only a little discontented at the mildness of the measures adopted against (in the language of the “Times”) “a system of desultory fighting, bearing scant resemblance to legitimate warfare.” It consoles its followers (as to-day in debate on the National Register), with the promise that this is only a beginning—the “first turn of a new screw which is capable of putting on severer pressure.” The Liberal protest is, of course, helpless and vain. The time limit expires. Permanent banishment from South Africa is decreed by the British Government against Louis Botha and his followers.

The second scene, in the House of Commons, is almost exactly five years afterwards—July 31st, 1906. The war has been fought to an end. The end has been a Treaty (despite the protests of Lord Milner) instead of unconditional surrender. The country has been ruled as a conquered province by young men fresh from the University of Oxford. Fancy schemes of Government all designed to keep the Dutch in permanent minority, and hence in permanent hostility, have been devised by Prussianized minds. Finally, the whole crew have been swept out of power by the British people, and a Prime Minister who knew the ways by which the British Empire had been created and maintained has been returned triumphantly to power. The discussion is on a settlement which will give complete power to the inhabitants of the Transvaal to choose their own rulers. Amid gathering excitement it is denounced in fierce terms by the leader of the Tory Party. It is a “most dangerous experiment.” “No human being ever thought of such an experiment before—

that of giving to a population equal to, and far more homogeneous than our own, absolute control of everything.” “There is nothing to prevent the country making every preparation, constitutionally, quietly, without external interference, for a new war.” “I am astonished that any Government or any party that cherished the British connection in the Transvaal should desire so audacious an experiment should be tried.” He sees no security that “this absolute power given to the Transvaal will not be used to establish a condition of things which may make some future action against this country (he is thinking of the opportunity of a European war) possible, probable, and dangerous.” Hence he will not accept the invitation that both parties shall join together to make this gift of freedom “the gift of England.” Upon the Liberals alone must fall the responsibility for “what I regard as the most reckless experiment ever tried in the development of a great Colonial policy.” And Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in reply, has only opportunity for the beginning of a sentence: “Never in the course of my Parliamentary career have I listened to a more unworthy, provocative, and mischievous”—when the Tory Opposition howls him down in one wild roar of fury. And the House divides. And despite that opposition a Constitution is established, under which Louis Botha, once perpetually banished from South Africa, becomes Prime Minister of the Transvaal.

The third evening is that of July 14th, 1915. Seven more years have passed. Freedom in the Transvaal has produced a federated South Africa, with Louis Botha as (seemingly perpetual) Prime Minister. Milner, Milnerism, Prussianism, all its unclean theories of life and conquest, have vanished into the darkness. The “opportunity” of a great European war, which Mr. Balfour foresaw, has come—and gone. General Botha has just suppressed rebellion in his own country; then gone forth to lead a Dutch and English force, with the skill by which he was enabled for three years to defy—fifteen years before—all the armies of the Empire. He has occupied town after town. He has traversed great wastes and territories. He has encompassed around his enemies in a manner that has proved him a master of war. He has conducted operations in a country described as “deserts of shifting sand, water-holes rare and often poisoned by the enemy, mines thickly strewed, no pasture for the baggage trains, railways torn up and destroyed.” And he has finally effected the peaceful surrender of the force defending a country nearly as large as England and Germany combined. And—remembering no doubt the story of fifteen years ago—he has given to the vanquished generous terms of peace. So in the same House of Commons in which he had been declared by proclamation a perpetual outlaw, a Prime Minister of the British Parliament, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of all parties combined, asks the House “at this earliest opportunity to testify the admiration and gratitude of the whole Empire to the illustrious General who is also Prime Minister of the Union.” And the words are re-echoed by the Tory leader, who mocks at Germany for thinking that “a brave foe who had pledged his word would not keep his

word," and asserts that "no resolution ever submitted to this House will secure greater support than will be given to this resolution by every section of the House."

So the world passes on its way, with its amazing vicissitudes of fortune. And those who look on observe events which carry with them lessons which will be forgotten, and verdicts of political wisdom which each generation is compelled to learn anew. The irony of history only required for completion the presence there last Tuesday of Sir William Harcourt, who had protested against the perpetual banishment of General Botha from South Africa, and of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who had given the constitution which had made him Prime Minister, with the power to aid us in the day of trial. It would have been good to see, amid the sonorous laudation of the orators and the crashing cheers of the audience, the presence in the same Chamber of the one who had been mocked at for his protest, and the other who had been shouted down for his policy; of those whose protest and policy had alone made that oratory possible and created the conditions of that applause.

The tale is worth the telling. It should be remembered and recorded in some such memorial as that erected out of the twelve stones of Jordan for the instruction of the Children of Israel; as a lesson of the laws of how great nations can be established, and how destroyed. It is worth the telling, not only for the romance of its historical setting, a romance which will remain undimmed by time; and not certainly for any desire to revive the memory of old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago. It is worth the telling because Liberalism is always in danger; because, to those who never learn and never forget, its principles are always hazardous, risky, doubtful; because it is so much easier to use force and compulsion, to crush down opposition, to abolish choice and conviction, than to trust to loyalty, and the free determination of free men, and patience, and generosity, and response to generosity, and all the healing influences of liberty and time. If Liberalism had failed fourteen years ago in its protest or seven years ago in its performance, General Botha would have suffered "perpetual banishment"—perhaps to South-West Africa. And to-day the British Empire in South Africa would have been lost to the British Crown. But because Liberalism was true to its traditions, this man has indeed visited South-West Africa, and is to-day returning "bringing his sheaves with him."

TRUE SAVING AND FALSE.

IN announcing the great subscription to the new War Loan, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had many sound reasons for the satisfaction he expressed. The aggregate of new money, when the returns from the vouchers representing the workers' contributions are available, will well exceed 600 millions, and the fact that no fewer than 570 thousand persons have already applied for fifteen millions through the Post Office indicates a great financial rally on the part of large classes who never before have felt called upon to find money for the nation, save through

the unpleasant and forced method of taxation. It is likely that the amount eventually subscribed through the Post Office may rise to as high a figure as fifty millions. Such a sum, if it be reached, would represent a large amount of real personal economy in thousands of families whose incomes never permit much expenditure on luxuries. The same applies to a large proportion of the smaller subscribers through the usual channel of the Bank of England. But here we must once more insist upon the importance of discriminating between the subscriptions of ordinary private citizens and business firms upon the one hand, and those large sums which appeared last Saturday in the names of the banks. No full information is given as to the proportion between private and bank subscriptions. But well-informed people believe that the British banks have subscribed well over 200 millions, and that the aggregate of bank money will amount to a considerably larger sum.

Now, as regards the money found by ordinary investors, it stands for true saving. In other words, money which would have been spent in purchasing goods and services for the consumption of the investor, or in increasing the production of the industrial plant and other concrete capital he owns, has been handed over to the Government for the purchase of arms, supplies, and other necessities of war. This transfer of spending power implies a personal sacrifice on the part of the investor, and it causes a proportionate withdrawal of productive energy from the industries which would have produced the luxuries he has foregone, or the industrial plant he would have brought into existence, into the munitions and the other war industries in this country or in America. This saving and investment helps directly to bring about the actual transformation of industry needed to increase the supply of goods and services for the fighting forces. It liberates from other employments the capital and labor which can now turn out more arms and ammunition, more food, clothes, tents, for the allied armies.

Can this be said of the heavy contributions which stand in the name of the banks? Does the 200 millions or more of loan scrip they take up imply any real saving of the bank directors, their shareholders, or, indeed, of anybody? The bank subscriptions to the former war loan were doubtless supplied in part by withdrawals of money previously engaged abroad in financing foreign trade. There is no reason to suppose that any appreciable amount of the present bank subscription is thus obtained. The substance of what has taken place is that the banks have given the Treasury the legal right to draw cheques upon them up to this huge sum, trusting that the moneys duly expended will so swell their deposits that at any given time they can fulfil their legal obligations. This money is to be taken from one drawer and put into another. In other words, the banks expand their credits abnormally, increasing the aggregate of purchasing power, having calculated that they can do so with safety and with profit to themselves. This is an enterprise which brings great gain to the banks, but involves a heavy burden to the present and the future taxpayer. The public injury is graver in our judgment than is recognized, even by those who in the House of Commons

have been urging early and larger measures of taxation. The subscriptions represent no real saving on the part of the banks, but later on they will enforce economy, poverty, and perhaps starvation, upon masses of other people. For this inflation of money is a temporary substitute for real saving. Since it represents no increased supply of goods, as sound saving does, its first effect is to set a larger amount of money to buy the same amount of goods as before. This necessarily causes a general rise of prices in the country, with several damaging effects. The Government, confronted with higher prices for the supplies provided in this country, will have to come earlier to the nation for more money, and for larger amounts. Meantime, it will be impelled to increase its purchases from abroad, where lower prices rule, with perilous reactions upon the rate of exchange and the constant risk of a drain of gold.

Again, the effect of a continuous and perhaps a rapid rise of food prices upon our working population is an aspect of inflation which the Government would do well to consider in good time. For an enforced economy, which presses heaviest upon the poorest at a time when every ounce of industrial efficiency is needed for the output of food, fuel, and other necessities, may arouse a state of public feeling in no wise favorable to the active prosecution of the war. At a time when what the nation needs is real saving to the amount of some 600 millions, it has received real saving to the extent of somewhat over half that sum. The rest is mostly "water." Doubtless there are many signs of personal economy in the more thoughtful members of the community. But there is as yet nothing approaching an adequate recognition of the magnitude of the sacrifices needed to make good the demands of the Exchequer. Therefore we greet with satisfaction the promise of Mr. McKenna, reported last Wednesday, that extra taxation is contemplated. It should be heavy, and, with some exceptions, it should be direct, and levied through the income-tax and the special tax on war profits. But not less urgent is the early date of its announcement. For its object is twofold—first, to find money, and secondly, to enforce personal economy. The longer the taxation is postponed the more difficult it will be to perform both operations.

THE NATION AND THE MINER.

THE crisis which has brought us within sight of a stoppage of the production of sea coal raises in an acute form a question that we have put more than once in these columns. It is this: Are not the Government attempting the impossible in trying to adapt the conditions of ordinary industrial life—conditions essentially of conflict and war—to the special circumstances and needs of the time? It is a matter of life and death to the nation to have a certain task carried out without interruption, and with the greatest possible dispatch and regularity. For the achievement of that task the Government rely on—what? On the co-operation of two sets or classes of people whose nearest approach to co-operation in normal life is an armed and suspicious peace. This spirit and tradition of hostility

is not, indeed, disregarded; it is recognized, and measures are taken to minimize the risks that the nation runs from this disturbing cause. But those measures are so conceived as positively to increase the danger of ill-feeling, for, instead of transforming the industrial atmosphere, they merely attempt to deter one set of men from acting on the motives that are present so long as the industrial system retains its essential features. The Munitions Bill is not a scheme of discipline for national workers; it is a police measure stitched on to the regular competitive system.

Take the case of South Wales. The quarrel between the miners and the coalowners is an inevitable incident. Wages are settled by diplomacy, and that diplomacy does not become more patient when one class is taking inordinate profits and the other class is finding the cost of living immensely enhanced. One would suppose from the tone of certain newspapers that in this case the workmen are a set of rapacious and self-seeking people who care nothing for the country, and are merely set on mischief. Their record in the new armies does not show this, for the very men who strike one hour join the ranks the next. They have taken a very wrong step. But what are we to say about the mineowners who have taken advantage of the nation's need? How much have they thought about the nation and the fleet and the men in the trenches? The truth is that, so long as this national service is left to the ordinary operations of private industry, the economic spirit must be a disturbing force. We do not mean, of course, that all the employers or all the workmen think only or primarily of profits and wages. What we mean is that the mineowners and the men are both judging the proposals of the moment in terms of class gain or class loss, and that this is inevitable so long as in this emergency the mines are left under private control. No Munitions Bill will eradicate this evil. It may, if unwisely administered, inflame it. For the men, who have thrown over their leaders, are influenced by the suspicion that the Government are hand in glove with the masters, and that all the talk of national peril is the cover for the exploiting of the workmen.

From this point of view the Government's Bill for dealing with the price of coal seems to us gravely deficient. Its limited purpose is largely defeated by its exception of existing contracts. Moreover, a mere limitation of prices will tend to drive the worst seams out of working, and thus to increase an existing deficiency of coal. The real need is to superintend the output, and to see that it goes fairly round. We do not think, therefore, that anything short of a direct Government control of the output and distribution of coal will meet the needs of the nation this winter.

A London Diary.

THINGS are certainly going better. I even take it as a sign of grace and amendment that a famous editor, who a week or two ago was mysteriously painting quite a gallery of pictures of "Mr. Lloyd George accom-

panied by Dissolution," "Mr. Lloyd George Hand in Hand with Resignation," "Mr. Lloyd George as Dictator," now substitutes some quite cheerful and patriotic sketches of "Mr. Lloyd George and Duty," "Mr. Lloyd George and Loyalty to his Chief," "Mr. Lloyd George Hard at Work on Munitions." Why not? Why any other pictures of Mr. Lloyd George? Why invite a brilliant talent for affairs into paths long ago marked with the sign of No Thoroughfare? And why associate him with a journalism which never did good to any man it favored or real harm to any man it decried?

BUT, after all, it is the nature of the Harmsworth journalism to play on the nerves of the nation. It has no other consecutive idea or habit of mind. Things become more serious when the habit spreads from the scare-writers by profession to the statesmen. We have a new organ of Government. It is not in the least popular, for the simple reason that it is not understood. Necessarily its mere existence loosens the old theory of the collective responsibility of the Cabinet. We all know that the present Cabinet differs, not only in the way in which men of the same general type of thinking differ from each other, but on some capital matters. All the more, therefore, when they approach these questions are they bound to show some decent reticence of public speech. On the one side this is done. Is it conceivable that the Prime Minister would have allowed the Registration Bill to prance out as a *cheval de bataille* of conscription? Of course not. Mr. Walter Long's speech shows that he had no such liberty, and the Bill passes with some Liberal grumbling and contempt. But the moment Mr. Long gets his measure, he throws off his "lendings" and declares the Cabinet free to adopt conscription, and obviously proclaims his own belief in it.

MR. LONG is not exactly an artist in speech, and this passes for an average example of his style of sign-painting. But Lord Lansdowne is at once a more important member of the new Government and a much more accomplished phrase-maker. He must therefore know very well what he is doing when he chooses the passing of the Registration Bill through the Lords to sing a cheerful song over the coming death of voluntaryism. I suppose some hypocritical reserves serve as a self-excuse for such talk in the mind of an old diplomatist. The "Daily-Times" treats them for what they are worth, and calls on the spot for a Conscription Bill to follow on the day after some kind of a result can be shuffled out of the sorting of the twenty-five million registration cards. Does Lord Lansdowne consider what his Liberal colleagues think of this kind of exploitation, and how much they can stand of it, and of the quick corrosion of trust that it implies? What one sees as the fruit of such calculated disloyalty to the Prime Minister and the Liberal wing is the break-up of the Coalition, and the making of a Government with the wrong kind of public man in it and at the back of it, and with not a third of the nation in warm support. A pretty prospect for a long and awful war, and for the grave decisions of policy and strategy that may have to be taken soon, or before we approach its end!

NEUTRAL visitors to Germany report a certain shifting of parties into two fairly definite lines of thinking about the issue of the war. Annexationists and anti-annexationists confront each other. The "Antis," led by Bethmann-Hollweg, are in office, but hardly in power, though they are said to have both the Kaiser and von Hindenburg on their side. The Kaiser's attitude is curiously described to me. He is said to be hit hard by the sufferings of the war, which affect his spirits and lower his vitality and belief in his own future and that of Germany. Thus he makes an indifferent War Lord, and turns a negligent ear to counsels of a campaign à outrance. The Jingoes have von Tirpitz at their head, with a prospect that he will succeed to the Chancellorship. They work for an accommodation with Russia, and their hand is doubtless seen in the hard and maladroit terms of the dispatch to the United States. They expect to succeed immediately in overwhelming Bethmann-Hollweg. But it becomes increasingly doubtful whether the country is really with them.

PROFESSOR BEESLY looked what he was—a man of distinction, interested in his kind, but rather apart from it. All the Positivists were a little like specialist doctors; you called them in from time to time when the average practitioner went astray. They ministered to you kindly, from a quite superior store of prescriptions and advice. They were all capable, all honest, all good. They didn't deal with the mass; only with the superior people and their mind and soul-complaints, to which they ministered with a firm and faithful hand, letting the great cataract of common maladies go roaring by. Beesly was really much less of an iceberg than he seemed, both personally and in the nature of his constant service to the thought and action of his time. He was not quite up to the level of his friend Harrison's literary gift—his style wanted fire, copiousness, color. But it was sharp and fine, and a very remarkable medium of controversy.

I IMAGINE that no message of congratulation will be more welcome to General Botha than Lord Kitchener's. During the peace negotiations the two men—not at all unlike in character—contracted a warm feeling for each other. I shall not forget the way in which Botha's very bored face lit up at a reception in London when his eye lit on "K's" figure, and how warm was the following greeting.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE MEANING OF "MORAL COMPULSION."

WE have heard from friendly French visitors to England in war-time frank expressions of something between amazement and disgust at the means which we must use under a system of voluntary service to obtain recruits for the army. The open-air meeting, the advertisements in the newspapers, and, above all, the posters on the hoardings, are dismissed as expedients unworthy of the dignity of a Government. The criticism is interesting because it reveals a fundamental difference in our conceptions of

government. The critic had at the bottom of his mind the underlying assumption that a Government commands; it does not exhort. It speaks seldom, but when it speaks, there is only one mood of the verb which it may fitly use—the imperative. If it stoops to reason or to appeal, it in some way lowers its authority, and weakens its prestige. The answer of a mind steeped in the English tradition would be, we think, that, on the contrary, a Government, when it appeals in this way for volunteers is using its prestige, and drawing upon its reserves of moral authority. It is precisely because it is respected, and because, with all our individualism, we do, on the whole, regard it with confidence, that its appeals meet with a ready and enthusiastic response. The average Frenchman in normal times feels for the heroic ideal abstraction which he calls France a love and veneration, than which there is no stronger patriotic emotion in Europe. But "La France" is far from being identified in his mind with the Government, and at both ends of the social scale there are minorities which distinguish between France and the "bourgeoise" Republic. It is partly because the whole organism of government is with us the subject of less deep and frequent contention, that the Government may appeal, and need not always command.

It is a contrary line of objection which is taken to this method of appeal by our own native advocates of compulsory service. They know, as the average foreigner does not, that it is extremely effective. They will even go as far as to say that this exhortation, when it is continual, and when it has behind it social pressure as well as the Government's authority, is nearly equivalent to a command. They call it "moral compulsion," and they invite us, since we have already gone so far, to make the pressure a little more even, a little less costly, and decidedly more rapid in its working, by converting "moral" into legal compulsion. There is more force, to our thinking, in this argument than in the other. It does at least recognize facts by admitting the weight of these moral appeals. The psychology of the process is normal and simple. For the average man in all communities there are what philosophers (in another context) describe as degrees of reality. The present need, the family circle, the task of winning daily bread, the affairs of a limited round of neighbors and friends—these alone are always and fully real. If the average man is a manual worker, it requires the elaborate machinery and the formidable moral pressure of his trade union to bring home to him that wider and thinner reality, the interests of his class. But when he does realize it, he will endure for it all the privations of a strike. The middle-class man of limited imagination depends in the same way on his newspaper, his pulpit, and his party organization. The full reality of anything beyond the daily round of private life is grasped with an effort, and it requires the constant pressure of some social group to keep it "real," but when it is grasped, the most limited of average men has stepped beyond himself, and won a moral and intellectual advance. It is this same process which the speeches and advertisements and posters are daily conducting to fill the ranks of our voluntary army. One may say that a little less would be necessary if we were a better educated nation, and much less if the same pains had been taken in times of peace to interest us in the foreign affairs of the nation. But the process itself, so far from being objectionable, is the normal process, and ultimately the only defensible process, by which the citizen can be led to do his duty as the member of a society. A man may, as it proceeds, feel himself surrounded by an

atmosphere so insistent, so enveloping, as to take from him any power of choice. That only means that he has no valid reason for resisting it. It carries him away because his own sense of duty responds to it. The very small minority which sincerely adheres to the Tolstoyan view of all war and all resistance, does and can resist it, because it has a contrary sense of duty to support it. The man who is in the moral sense of the word "compelled," is simply the man who lacks the imagination, without such pressure, to realize the more distant concerns of life. It is that man's fate to be "compelled" at every turn of his road. He is compelled by public opinion to be more or less moral, by the church to take some thought of eternity, by his union to avoid the ways of the blackleg, by his party to perform the minimum duties of a citizen.

"Moral compulsion" is, however, a dangerous metaphor. There is no analogy whatever between the compelling power of public opinion and the crude process of legal compulsion. Legal compulsion means physical compulsion. It is in the last resort the putting of handcuffs round a man's wrists, and the marching him off to barracks, which for him might as well be a prison. The dullest and least imaginative man who has in the long run responded to the broad appeals of a poster, or even to the rough taunts of his fellows, has performed a moral action. He does what he does of his free will. He has consciously said to himself that it is better to face the bullets than to be justly branded as a coward or a "slacker." He has in the end seen, however slowly or stupidly or reluctantly, that he has a duty, and what he does is the performance of a duty. The man who is literally compelled is, on the contrary, in so far as he merely obeys compulsion, no man at all, but an organism which performs certain physical acts under physical pressure. The genuine conscript, who will move only under compulsion, marches in the ranks precisely as the requisitioned horse trots in the commissariat train. If there were in France or Germany any large percentage of men who really required compulsion, and would not eventually join the army without it, it is a very different spectacle which would confront us on the battlefields of the Continent. The justification for compulsion on the Continent bears chiefly on two points of the process. With an unguarded land frontier you cannot count on having time to train a voluntary army, nor when the hour of danger comes can you wait for the relatively slow process of persuasion to fill your ranks; you must mobilize vast masses of men without the loss of an hour. It is this need for preparedness and promptness which makes the case on the Continent for conscription. The process is in reality one of compulsion only in its bearing on a very small percentage of fit men in free countries. It is genuine compulsion when it forces Alsatian conscripts to march against France, and it breaks down in disaster when it compels Slav conscripts to invade Serbia. We in these islands fight under no such imperative time limit. We have our professional army, the best, for its size, in the world. This we can instantly equip and transport. Then, with the Territorials behind, we can afford to allow the process of persuasion to work. It is our good fortune rather than our merit that we can afford to leave soldiering among the free activities of the citizen's life. Our Prussians are impatient at the delay and trouble of the process of recruiting. One might as well argue that voting and discussing is more troublesome than the prompt obedience of autocratic government. "Moral compulsion" means the raising of a free army, which has been educated to give the best of its manhood to a cause which deserves its sacrifices.

Physical compulsion would embody the same men without an understanding of the cause, and it might be used with equal success for any cause, however debased. If it had been France, and not Germany, which had violated the neutrality of Belgium, not all the posters nor all the eloquence in these islands could have enlisted three million men to fight at her side. Moral compulsion is indeed a great force. It moulds and shapes the individual, where legal compulsion can only drive him. It would fail, if the nation itself were enfeebled and enervated. It would break down if the cause for which it were used was one of aggrandizement and despotism. We cling to it both for its impotence to do evil and for its power to do good.

POSITIVISTS AND POLITICS.

THE party system has spread its net over our public life so completely that it is difficult to find any group of systematic thinkers on affairs which escapes its toils. It is true that men and women still combine for particular objects—Women's Suffrage for example, or National Service, or the Taxation of Land Values. But outside special crusades like these, where some definite enthusiasm or some definite sense of grievance is the driving power, or special crusades of a kind less sublime, where the motive force is regard for an interest rather than for an idea, we rarely come upon a group of thinkers who try to apply a general system of political reasoning to the affairs of their time. The explanation would seem to be that almost all controversy or discussion which embraces more than one topic or one cause becomes merged in the regular party arrangements, and that people with some new idea to preach struggle rather for the ear of a party than for the ear of the nation. For our public life is so organized that to say that a cause is outside party is to say that it is more or less unreal; if it is to become a serious force it must push or be pushed into the party programme. An idea so novel to the British people as that of compulsory insurance of all classes below a certain level of income becomes law in a year from the moment the party system endorses it. An idea so familiar as that of the enfranchisement of women has to wait for generations because no party takes it up.

Professor Beesly, who died last week, was one of the last representatives of a definite school of political thinkers; and a school that exercised a notable influence on public affairs. The Positivists might, indeed, be compared to the Philosophical Radicals, Comte taking the place of Bentham in the master's throne. And though, in a specially interesting valedictory essay, Lord Morley repudiated the suggestion that the "Fortnightly Review" was ever a Positivist organ, recalling a very different influence in the programme, "Free Labor, Free Land, Free Schools, Free Church," it would generally be agreed that Lord Morley's editorship of that famous review was a piece of good fortune for thinkers who wished to present clear, coherent, and original views to a nation that did not find too much of such thinking in its politics or its journalism. The "Fortnightly Review" was never the organ of Positivism in the sense that the "Westminster Review" was the organ of the Philosophical Radicals; but when Lord Morley, on retiring from the editor's chair, made the modest claim "that a certain number of people had been persuaded to share opinions that fifteen years ago were more unpopular than they are now," he included in that intellectual change the growth of a new temper and a new outlook on history and civilization and England's place in the world, that

were closely associated with the wider and more spiritual sympathies of this little group of distinguished thinkers.

The chief triumph of Beesly, Harrison, and Crompton was won not in the realm of European statesmanship, where they offered to the public daring and spacious projects, but in a momentous chapter of class war in England. Their share in the victory of trade unionism in the 'seventies is, indeed, part of English history. In 1867 the Boilermakers Society had failed in an action against a defaulting treasurer, the magistrates holding that the society, as a trade union, was outside the scope of the Friendly Societies Act. This meant that the trade unions were as powerless to protect their funds as they had been under the old Combination Act. The case was carried to the Court of Queen's Bench, where four judges laid it down that a trade union was not merely an extra-legal, but an illegal association. At the time, feeling was running high against trade unionism on account of the notorious Sheffield outrages, and the peril of the whole movement was about as grave as it could be. It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of the aid that the Positivist leaders gave to the threatened cause. They put the trade union case in the press; they gave constant advice and legal counsel to Applegarth and the other trade union leaders; they drafted a Bill to consolidate their demands; and Mr. Harrison rendered invaluable service as a member of the Royal Commission, where he worked in close alliance with Tom Hughes. Beesly nearly lost his professorship at University College, London, because, at a time when the upper classes were in a raving panic over the Sheffield outrages, he remarked "that a trades union murder was neither better nor worse than any other murder," a remark that was quoted against him like Barnave's unfortunate question about the lynching of Foulon: "Was it, then, so pure, the blood which has just been shed?"

At this moment it is specially interesting to remember that the Positivists presented a scheme of foreign policy, and that that scheme took as its main and capital principle an *entente* with France. We have had in England one well-known definite school in foreign policy, the Manchester School. The group of Positivist thinkers formed another. Outside these two bodies we have had no attempt to think out a consistent principle. We can understand the foreign policy of Disraeli; we can understand the very different foreign policy of Gladstone. We have had a tradition of sympathy with the Conservative Powers, dating from Pitt; and a tradition of sympathy with national movements, dating from Fox. But this has been rather a spirit than a principle. The Positivist writers tried half-a-century ago to formulate a systematic policy, and the book in which they gave their ideas to the world is still very interesting and instructive reading. The writers were Congreve, Harrison, Beesly, Pember, Bridges, and Henry Hutton. The article on England and France was written by Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Beesly wrote on England and the Sea.

It was Mr. Harrison's leading idea that England and France were the two great heads of the West, and that the fortunes of Europe depended on their co-operation. He traced this idea through history, pointing to the policy of Elizabeth and Cromwell, of Henri IV. and Richelieu. Then came the Revolution, a war between England and France, with results disastrous to the world. When Mr. Harrison wrote, England and France had been at peace for half-a-century, but he was pleading for a permanent and intimate understanding, which should control their policy in the interests of Europe. And their union would have this special value

that it would be the union of nations representing different forces in history. England stood for stability and legality, and France for the Revolution and its principles. When they agreed Europe gained by the principles they represented; when they quarrelled, these principles, so beneficent in themselves, came into collision. And if once Europe knew that they had formed a permanent friendship, regulating and moderating their own conduct, the champions of good movements and the defenders of small nations would no longer find it necessary to intrigue for a safety that would be sheltered under this tutelage; and the dangerous and aggressive Powers would recognize that they could no longer play England and France off against each other. This policy implied to the Positivists of that day some great renunciations; Gibraltar was to be ceded, and we were to cease to be a Mediterranean Power. It is interesting to speculate on the turn that the politics of Europe would have taken if England and France, whose mutual suspicions did so much to weaken good causes in Europe, could have ratified half-a-century ago that friendship in which many good men saw the best hope of the world.

A NEW SUMMER.

THE old folk, without books, without barograph or any other record but a rough memory of the weather that has gone by, and perhaps an ancestral reaction to past weather cycles, declare that we are to have this year an autumn of unusual growth, a fresh crop of herbs and grass like the shooting of another spring, two summers in one year. No cross-examination of the belief is possible, any more than it is possible to test the belief of several military participants, including the Kaiser, that the war will be over in October. Perhaps its firmest ground is faith in the equity of Providence. Spring was so late that surely autumn will be prolonged to make up for it. The June hay crop was so short that it must be that our stacks will be swollen by an unusual aftermath. So many seeds failed to germinate in the drought of early summer that late sowings this year will not be denied a reasonable season of growth. Your true weather prophet, however, does not found on any such doctrine of compensation or averages. He believes that, having seen the fore part of the year, he can prognosticate the remainder, just as he can tell what the rest of an ox will be like when he has seen its head.

We are now at the topmost point of the year. Three weeks ago was the longest day, but thanks to accumulations of heat in past months, the weather grows warmer, even though the sun is in retreat. It is only now that our real summer flowers are at their full spring. The list of those vitally different from the flowers that have gone would be a long one. If we took a single family, such as the sage, we should get an inkling of what the difference is. In April the dead nettles came, the blossoms built on the severest lines of labiate architecture, the hood perfectly rounded over the swinging stamens, the blossoms in a compact whorl with a canopy of leaves overhead. Ground-ivy, bugle, and prunella followed, indulging in the more expensive blue of approaching summer, still strict in the form of their blossoms, but showing more among the leaves, and in the last-named topping the plant. Then came the bearer of the family name, *Salvia pratense*, with a raggedly gaping midsummer blossom. It has gone now, and is outdone in rollicking, extravagant solicitation to all the flies of the air by wood-sage, thyme, and marjoram on the wild hills, by lavender, salvia, bergamot in our

gardens. Once, the humble-bee pushed her privileged way into the white dead-nettle almost as laboriously as into the snap-dragon; to-day, the humming-bird hawk moth, hovering between two lightning dashes, sips a stirrup-cup from the open tap of the bergamot.

That is indeed the fly of summer. When it dashes into our garden out of the nowhere, and after no more than a stab at its favorite blossom, darts back into the nowhere, we seem to see the year flash to its zenith, and flash down again. There is so much hurry in the ecstasy of this moth that we can imagine the duty of visiting all happy gardens to devolve on one single specimen. Summer has swollen up lazily in heavy blossoms and languorous butterflies; it will go down lazily in the dalliance of golden drones with purple thistle-blooms. But the note of its zenith is *Carpe diem*, its bugler this dashing fellow whose wings disappear in rapid motion, all but the yellow of them that makes him look like a flying live coal. Like the flowers he sips, he is fundamentally different from all of his kind that went before. Other insects have been as quick on the wing, such as the *syrphus* flies and *Bombylius*. But the speed of these was an equipment for the business of life. They were mothers engaged in the nice disposition of eggs, or suitors in violent competition for the right to marry. After them came the butterflies, aimlessly flitting in the sunshine, and now comes this strenuous trifler, taking the pleasures of the stomach at express speed, energized into feverish activity by the sunshine and plenty that make everything else lazy.

This year, however, the summit of summer is not bathed in brazen sunshine. Hot and cloudless days brought us there, and now has come a cool time, a shaded time, a time of rest and freshening. Day after day, it has been "trying to rain." It has rained just enough to renew the green that was fading, to hearten-up the roots, to strengthen the fruit on its stalk, and multiply the reserve blossoms on the midsummer flowers. They are marking time, or marching very slowly. Clover-bloom has already been a long business, and the little buds still in sight should signify great new growth if suitable weather should come. A hot July would have worn it out by now, but the rest it has had is almost like a little winter, and, always provided that growing weather comes again, there will be the aftermath that the old men are prophesying. The rain we have had, though not warm in quality, has been far from cooling in quantity. A touch of sunshine might turn our little April into a second May.

Our long, green English summer is, as a matter of fact, in any year—not one summer but several. The pace would be too hot for summer all the time, as it was too hot this June, simply because one of our customary cold periods failed to put in an appearance. The second week of June ought to be rainy, and was. It was replaced by one of the best growing periods that we have had for many years, but the sun shone too long into June, so that Nature got tired. Having missed the mid-June cold period, we have prolonged Buchan's fourth cold period, which should occupy the first four or five days of July. It has swallowed up the warm period that is usually expected to run from the 12th to St. Swithin's Day.

And what if it rained on St. Swithin's Day? Should we therefore have six weeks' rain to follow? At the time of writing, it is evident that it cannot "rain" on St. Swithin's Day. It was evident on every day of July. For the prophecy must be taken to run, "If it begin to rain on St. Swithin's Day, it will go on raining for (some) days; if it begin to be fine on St. Swithin's Day, it will

be fine for a long time." We would compare the maxim with another that quite obviously needs the same kind of interpretation:—

"Wet Friday, wet Sunday.
Wet Sunday, wet all the week."

That would, in naked logic, mean that once we got a wet Friday, it would rain for ever and ever. Not even a moon prophet or a day-of-the-week prophet would commit himself to such nonsense as that. When there has been a wet Friday, the following wet Sunday does not open a new account; it closes an old one. It is only a spontaneous wet Sunday, following a fine Friday that makes a weeping week, and the wet Friday in that week is not a Friday "within the meaning of the Act."

There is good sense in the St. Swithin tradition when thus read, according to the warm and cold periods. We ran two cold periods into one, and have done with them. Or rather we have done with their discomfort, and look forward to their benefit. We look for the warm period of July 9th-15th that their combined prolongation has postponed, and we look for the leap that Nature takes in the sunshine after an invigorating rest in the shade. Let the old people prophesy such a second summer "as never was." It is a genial exercise of the virtue of optimism in rather dark times. At any rate, most of the joy of these fairly distinguishable summers of St. Swithin, St. Martin, and others is prepared for us by the little winters that interlace them.

Short Studies.

THREE LITTLE TALES.

Translated from the Russian by John Cournos.

THE UNBORN.

No one knows what will be.

But there is a place, where the future peers through the sky-blue vapors of desire. In this place the unborn yet enjoy their peace. Here everything is serene, soothing, and felicitous. Sorrow is absent, and instead of air there is an atmosphere of pure joyousness, in which the unborn breathe freely.

And no one need leave this land, until he so desires.

There were four souls which in the same instant desired to be born upon our earth.

In the sky-blue vapors of desire there appeared before them our four elements.

One of the Unborn said:

"I love the earth, the soft, the warm, the hard earth."

The second said:

"I love the water, the eternally falling, clear, refreshing water."

The third said:

"I love the fire, the merry, bright, purifying fire."

The fourth said:

"I love the air, striving in breadth and in height, the light air of life."

So it came to pass.

The first became a miner. One day the shaft fell, and the earth buried him.

The second shed tears, like water, and in the end drowned himself.

The third lost his life in a burning house.

The fourth was hanged.

Pure innocent elements. . . . The folly of those who desire . . .

Oh, sweet place of non-existence, why should the Will lead us away from Thee!

THE LILY AND THE CABBAGE.

A LILY reared her head in the garden. She was serenely white, and beautiful and proud.

Quietly she addressed herself to the passing wind:

"Have more care. I am the queenly lily, and King Solomon himself did not dress as beautifully as I."

Quite close by, in the vegetable garden, grew a she-cabbage.

She overheard the speech of the lily, whereupon she laughed, and said:

"This old Solomon was, in my opinion, a mere sans-culotte! How did these ancients dress? They barely covered their nakedness with scant drapery, and imagined that they were robed in the height of fashion. It was I who taught people how to dress, I may safely take credit for the following plan: First, there is the naked stump, upon that goes the first wrap, then a shirt, upon that a jacket, upon the jacket a petticoat, upon the petticoat another petticoat, then another wrap, another shirt, another jacket, another petticoat, then a shawl above and a shawl below and a shawl on each side—until the stump becomes invisible. Now this is both warm and modest."

THE LAMP AND THE MATCH.

A LAMP stood on the table.

Someone had just removed its chimney. The lamp, seeing a match, said to it:

"Thou, little one, hadst better not remain so close to me, it is dangerous; I will soon be alight. I am lit every evening. No one can work evenings without me."

"Every evening!" exclaimed the match. "To be lit every evening! That is terrible."

"Why terrible?" asked the lamp.

"Because one can love only once," said the match, which then burst into a flame—and died.

FEODOR SOLOGUB.

Letters to the Editor.

CONSCRIPTION IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR—AND ELSEWHERE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Since Mr. Coulton seems anxious that you should find room for two more letters from each of us, and you have not so far interposed your veto, I willingly accept his challenge, for one letter at all events.

So far as the American Civil War is concerned, I fail to see that he adds anything in his second letter to the argument of his first, or that he meets any one of the six points made in my first letter. It is common ground between us, and self-evident, that Lincoln would not have proposed the Enrolment Act unless he had believed at the time that it was necessary, and that Congress would not have passed it unless it had been of the same opinion, so that quotations to that effect were superfluous. What concerns us is not the opinion formed by anyone beforehand, but the lessons to be learnt from the subsequent course of events. Neither are we concerned with the question whether the anti-conscription riots in New York and elsewhere were the work of recent immigrants or of American-born citizens, nor with the question how far the peaceful and constitutional opposition, which must from the nature of the case have proceeded almost exclusively from the American-born, was inspired by genuine conviction or by secret disaffection. In any case, it was a very serious inconvenience to be set against whatever benefit was derived from the conscription; and similar inconvenience has to be reckoned with in any community not thoroughly broken in to militarist habits and sentiments, and not absolutely homogeneous and unanimous.

Mr. Coulton makes no attempt to answer my argument that the victories which decisively turned the tide in favor of the North were gained in the interval between the enactment of compulsion and its enforcement, and by forces

obtained entirely through voluntary enlistment. He merely repeats the undisputed and irrelevant statement that the necessary numbers were obtained *after the passing of the Bill*.

I may add that the temporary success, dearly paid for afterwards, of conscription in the Southern States, was irrelevant to the question we are supposed to be discussing, namely, the justice and expediency of universal compulsory service in a democratic community; because, though the slaveholders talked loudly enough about liberty, and belonged to the political party which appropriated to itself the title of Democrat, they were not, and could not be, a democracy in any true sense. Our great wage-earning class, the effect on whom of a general measure of compulsion is with us the chief matter for consideration, was there represented by the negro slaves, to whom the conscription was not in fact applied, and who in any case had no liberty to lose.

Turning now to his arguments from Roman and Italian history, I must begin by apologizing for my carelessness in imputing to him a similarly distorted view of Greek history. Reading his letter again, I see it is true that, as he says, he made no mention of Greece. I can only account for my very stupid blunder by the fact that in this connection one habitually thinks of the Greek and Roman city-states together; the principle of compulsory service for a dominant minority of the population described as citizens being common to both, and the same fallacies being habitually trotted out with respect to both. So far as Roman history is concerned, the following sentence is all that I have to deal with: "The beginning of tyranny in Rome was with Marius and his mercenaries, followed by Sylla, Julius, and Augustus, who all drifted farther and farther from the old Roman compulsionist theory." I do not, of course, know for certain on what authority this statement is based, but the two following passages in Mommsen's well-known history seem not unlikely sources:

1. "In the Roman military system in particular—the transformation of which from a Burgess-militia into a set of mercenaries (*aus einer Bürgerwehr in eine Söldner-schaar*), begun in the African war, was completed by Marius during his five years of a supreme command unlimited from the exigencies of the times still more than from the terms of his appointment—the profound traces of this unconstitutional commandership-in-chief of the first democratic general remained visible for all time."—("History of Rome," Book iv., chap. 5; Vol. III., p. 188 in the English edition of 1869).

2. Referring to the civil war between Marius and Sulla: "The Roman army had totally changed its character. It had certainly been rendered by the Marian reform more ready for action and more militarily useful than when it did not fight before the walls of Numantia; but it had at the same time been converted from a burgess force into a set of mercenaries who showed no fidelity to the State at all, and proved faithful to the officer when he had the skill personally to gain their attachment."—(Book IV., chap. 10; Vol. III., p. 377).

Accepting the great German scholar's authority as to the facts, I ask in the first place, where do we find any "drifting away from the old compulsionist theory"? What we do find is rather an extension of the range of its application. The main difference between the recruiting arrangements before and after the Marian reforms is that, whereas under the old system service in the cavalry and in the regular fully armed infantry was limited to citizens possessing a certain amount of property (higher for the cavalry than for the infantry), Marius went a long way towards abolishing these distinctions, and rendering the proletariat both eligible and compellable to serve in any capacity for which the recruiting authority might deem them best suited. That the principle of compulsory service was never given up, either in the time of Marius, or under Julius, or Augustus, is proved by the remark attributed by Tacitus to the Emperor Tiberius (Ann. IV., 5), that "the armies must be made up to their full strength by drafts (*delectibus*); for that there was a shortage of volunteers, and even if there were enough of them they were not equal in valor and discipline, because it was generally the penniless vagabonds who enlisted voluntarily." This passage shows that under the early Empire the recruiting was partly voluntary, partly

compulsory, the power of compulsion being held in reserve, as in the last stage of the American Civil War, in case the supply of volunteers should prove deficient either in number or quality. From the same author's account, in the first Book of the "Annals," of the grievances which provoked the great mutiny of A.D. 14, it is easy to understand why volunteers of a good stamp were not readily forthcoming. Under the Republic there had been the same mixture of the two methods, but in the reverse order, volunteers being sometimes obtained by a popular commander's personal influence, when the compulsory levy had yielded inadequate results, or when, as sometimes happened, the Senate had refused to authorize such a levy. It was only by this means that the conqueror of Hannibal was enabled to earn his title of Africanus, the conscript troops assigned to him being altogether insufficient (Mommsen, Bk. III., c. 6); and the experience of the younger Africanus in the Numantine war was very similar. As military service came to involve longer and longer absences from home, and thus to be more and more ruinous to those who had farming or any other business to attend to, it was natural that there should be increasing laxity in its enforcement on such persons, and that an increasing proportion of recruits should be drawn, voluntarily or compulsorily, from the needy and unemployed, to whom the pay, scanty as it was, with the chances of booty and donatives, was at least better than beggary. It is this fact which partially justifies Mommsen's use of the term mercenaries to describe the bulk of the Marian, Sullan, and Cæsarian armies. I doubt its being entirely justified, because the fact of a poor man having no better means of livelihood than the pay and rations of a common soldier does not necessarily imply a lack of patriotism, and in a time of chronic civil war a plain man's perplexity as to which party really stood for the public good might well excuse his taking the personal merits or demerits of the commander whom he knew as a test of the merits of the cause. Under the Empire it was in the frontier camps, if anywhere, that what remained of patriotism and State consciousness was to be found.

Mr. Coulton's most serious error, however, is one to which Mommsen certainly lends no countenance. He writes as though "tyranny" in Rome began with "Marius and his mercenaries," and was intensified by Julius and Augustus. Mommsen makes it quite clear that in his opinion the reverse was the case. While he uses the Greek term *tyrannis* in its proper sense to denote an autocratic form of government, such as was foreshadowed by the temporary ascendancy of C. Gracchus, and realized, in substance though not in form, by Augustus, it was precisely the almost boundless scope afforded to *tyranny* in the English sense, from the third Punic war downwards, that rendered the *tyrannis* of Julius and Augustus inevitable and comparatively beneficent. And he does not fail to point out (Vol. III., p. 84) how the tendency to displace free by slave labor, which was the chief cause of the moral and economic ruin of Italy, was aggravated by the liability of the freemen to be called away for military service.

Coming now to the city-states of medieval Italy, we have there, what we had not in the case of ancient Rome, the intervention of mercenaries in the original and proper sense of the term. We read of wandering companies of professional soldiers, owning no permanent allegiance to any State or potentate, but simply selling their swords to the highest bidder, and finding their best market in Italy during the fourteenth century.

As Mr. Hodgson explains in his "History of Venice in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries," Chapter XII., how, "while the introduction of more scientific modes of warfare had made campaigns longer and more costly, the citizens of rich and free cities, who had formed the armies —(he should have said the loosely-trained militias)—that resisted Frederic Barbarossa, had been unable to spare from their trades or businesses the time and training required for such campaigns." It is abundantly clear that no compulsory training of merchants, mechanics, and peasants, at all compatible with the maintenance of the trade and industry which constituted the *raison d'être* of these communities, could have made them anything but sheep for the slaughter before the lances of professional, steel-clad men-at-arms. It is not so clear that the only

alternative was to hire the services of commanders of "free companies," who were not only not citizens, but not even Italians, like the Englishman, Sir John Hawkwood. The use of such mercenaries stands on an altogether different footing from that rational division of labor among equally patriotic citizens which is exemplified in our present voluntary system, whereby those who engage themselves for the actual fighting are maintained and paid by the others, who provide the sinews of war out of the earnings of their several vocations. One would hardly expect anyone but a German in his "Gott strafe England" mood to lump together under the same dyslogistic appellation the rapacious Catalan *condottiere* described by Mr. Hodgson, and the British or Indian soldier serving under a fair contract the community to which he belongs and the cause which he believes to be just. Yet Mr. Coulton's habitual antithesis of "mercenary" and "conscript" seems almost to commit him to this.

The statement that "in the medieval city republics of Italy and Flanders, which were at first defended by compulsory militias, the mercenary and the tyrant went hand in hand," does not accord with the view expressed by Hallam ("Middle Ages," Chapter III., part 2), nor with the facts. Padua was subject to the atrocious tyrant Ezzelin within the period of compulsory militias, while Venice, a constant employer of mercenaries, was never subject to tyrants at all, until she shared the general subjection of all Italy to Austria.

In short, Mr. Coulton's "bird's-eye view" of universal history has the defect of bringing together, for the purpose of proving that universal compulsion to military service is both congenial to the spirit of democracy and effective in a military sense—for this I understand to be his object—examples which have no tendency to prove either the one thing or the other. None of them have more than a very remote bearing on either the problems of modern democracy or those of modern warfare; and such bearing as they have is rather unfavorable to conscription than otherwise.—Yours, &c.,

ROLAND K. WILSON.

86, Church Road, Richmond, Surrey.
July 8th, 1915.

THE LOAN AND TAXATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on "The Necessity of Saving Now" contains one convincing statement—its title. The rest of it comprises a number of controversial assertions.

One of them is that heavy taxation is necessary to bring about redoubled saving. Heavy taxation would obviously stimulate economy; but is it true to state, as your article states, that delay in announcing a policy of war-taxation leaves "the nation with a hope that, by means of a generous response to the loan, and taxation" that the "necessary economy of personal consumption" can be avoided? Is there anyone so deluded?

The question of the extent to which war burdens should be carried, so to speak, to capital account is an old one. Theoretically the greater proportion is properly borne by means of loans, for the generation is fighting for posterity as well as for itself. Practically, it is impossible to raise by taxation any more than a small fraction of the enormous cost of war.

Practically, again, the question of the mode of taxation would at once release political antagonisms. How, then, is a tax to be raised—by doubling income-tax in a time of reduced incomes; by a customs (and necessarily not protective) duty in a time of reduced imports; by additional excise; by a land tax? Surely it is better to wait till calmer moments before attacking such a problem. Your article contends that delay is dangerous—but it does not prove its contention.

It says that the subscriptions to the loan assisted by the banks, while the banks are promised the support of the Bank of England (with the Government behind) in case of need, constitutes in effect an inflation of the currency. An inflation would cause high prices, and would thus be in effect "dishonest taxation." It is a strange use of well-

known terms in economics; but, terminology apart, are the facts fairly stated? Through the money lent, the purchasing power of the Government is, of course, maintained. But the purchases for war purposes have to be made; and the loan or the tax, as the case may be, is only a method of payment. The Government's purchasing impetus doubtless raises prices; but that is because of the demand—not of any inflation. An inflation would add its own influence towards a rise in prices. The increased purchasing itself calls for more currency; the policy of conservation of gold, and the need for foreign payments in gold, are further tendencies towards a contraction rather than an inflation. As a matter of fact, what happens is that money passes from the vaults, where it is kept for reserves no longer (temporarily) needed, into the Government's hands, goes into circulation and either goes out of the country in payment, or comes back from circulation to the banks, save only in so far as the altered circumstances require a larger currency. To call money so subscribed "bank money," and to speak of the process as "tampering with the currency," seems to be as inaccurate as the reflection on the banks that they are supporting their customers in their applications "at a highly profitable rate of interest." Most people know that the banks have not sought for profit in such transactions. The reflection upon them is undeserved.

By all means let us have economy, and, after careful consideration, a wise and bold policy of taxation. That will be the greatest problem of constructive statesmanship of our times. A programme of hurry would cause trouble, discontent, and controversy, just when all three would be most unwelcome.—Yours, &c.,

B. A. LEVINSON.

199, Piccadilly, W., July 14th, 1915.

[We never contested the necessity of raising the bulk of the money by a loan. Our contention was, first, that a larger proportion should be raised by taxation; secondly, that the taxing policy should not be delayed. The term "inflation" is correctly used by us to describe the greater part of the subscriptions by the banks, for reasons which we present in our article of this week's issue. It is true that loan and tax are alike modes of paying for the goods required for the war. But if "saving" has been effected by the taxpayer or the investor corresponding in extent to the purchasing power handed over to the Treasury, there is no increased aggregate of "purchasing," calling, as Mr. Levinson insists, for "more currency." Less purchasing is done by private persons, more by the State. It is the attempt to evade or injuriously postpone this proper adjustment of national resources that constitutes the injury of "inflation."—ED., THE NATION.]

WAR PROFITS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A hundred firms have made war profits on their way to swell the volume of output of the great ammunition factory; but, simply in order to save the faces of politicians, and because they are more easily got at, it is proposed to take the profits of the great factory, leaving the rest alone. It is this, not taxation, that the munition factories protest against as an injustice. Tax our individual incomes, and tax exceptionally, exceptional incomes made out of war profits, and we will pay cheerfully, so long as all are treated alike; but unequal treatment produces a sense of injustice that approaches the intolerable.

Take my case. I am a director of an ammunition factory, being also engaged in other branches of manufacture. In some directions I lose heavily, and expect to lose permanently, by the war; from ammunition I shall make a gain. I do not know whether on the whole I shall gain or lose; but if I gain, I shall cheerfully submit to having my gain dealt with in any way Parliament shall see fit—of course, on the top of the abnormal income-tax we all expect. I shall submit cheerfully, because it is possible to treat all incomes on the same lines. This is not possible with the profits of businesses. In the one case the necessary machinery exists, in the other it does not; and, I venture to say, cannot be devised. I repeat, it is not taxation we object to, but unequal treatment.

Those who advocate taking 20s. in the £ of all war profits (if you can get them, which you cannot) must, I think, have come to the conclusion that there will never be another war. For in this war the private munition firms have saved the country; and for another war, if this plan were followed, there would be no private munition firms. For who would put capital in such ventures on such conditions? Simple things like shells, bombs, hand-grenades—all uncharged—can be made by any engineering firms; but rifles, cannon, quick-firing guns, machine guns, quick-firing cases, and, generally, cartridges for guns and rifles, can be made only by firms possessing a special plant, a special staff, and long experience. Where should we be just now if these did not exist in private firms?—Yours, &c.,

DIRECTOR.

July 11th, 1915.

BRIGANDAGE IN CHINA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to learn what are the exact facts with regard to the report that China is intending to organize a system of gendarmerie to suppress brigandage. The movement was confined to one province—Honan, the chief sphere of the operations of "White Wolf." The local authorities invited Colonel Hjalmarson, of the Swedish Army, who organized the force of gendarmerie in Persia, to visit Peking on his way home to rejoin the colors. He went, reported, and apparently pleased those with whom he discussed the matter. The financial condition of the province, however, does not permit at present of any effect being given to the recommendations of his report, while the Central Government at Peking does not intend to approach the Swedish Government to ask for the services of Colonel Hjalmarson.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES WATNEY.

2 and 3, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

July 13th, 1915.

"THE DEW-PONDS MYTH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is it not possible that the ponds mentioned by Mr. Dana, and described by the Messrs. Hubbard in their fascinating volume entitled "Neolithic Dew-Ponds and Cattle-Ways" (2nd edition, 1907), are no myth so far as concerns the ponds themselves, but that it is our interpretation of the word "dew" which is at fault?

During a long-past tour in Scotland, a shallow lake was one day pointed out to our party as the Dhu Loch, so named on account of the sombre hue caused by the rank weeds growing on its soil beneath the waters.

We are not told if any especial hue distinguished the water of these straw and clay-lined prehistoric ponds formed on a chalk foundation; but it is easy to see that "dhu" may in course of time be incorrectly Englished into "dew." If so, it is but one of the many words which etymologists tell us have been corrupted from their original meaning into something totally different.

Whether fed by dew, mists, rain, or springs, the ponds were clearly made by human hands, and their construction, the Messrs. Hubbard assure us, is not yet counted among the lost arts.—Yours, &c.,

E. C. SMYTH.

Letchworth, July 12th, 1915.

POISON GAS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The principal objection to our using poison gas is not that it is barbarous—war is necessarily barbarous; but that by the last Hague Convention we promised not to use it. It may be said that neither this obligation nor any other can hold as against Germany; but leaving Germany out of the question, we are bound to all the world and to our own posterity. If we abstain from using this weapon, then, when the war comes to an end, we can demand the punishment of those who use it, which is the best we can do to secure that it will never be used again. If we do

use it, then, having been used on both sides, it will become normal in all future wars.

Either we entered on this war to uphold international law, or we have no right to be in it at all. If, then, we ourselves become law-breakers, we have thrown away the object of the war, and our dead have died in vain.—Yours, &c.,

July 12th, 1915.

J. B. W. CHAPMAN.

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—It would be difficult to answer Mr. Gales within the limits of a correspondence column. But I should say that, while sacraments are one thing, sacramentalism is quite another; they differ as do piety and pietism, sentiment and sentimentalism, alcohol and alcoholism, &c. And that, were I asked for a statement of that "reasonable and spiritual Christianity," which has, I believe, the certain promise of the future, I should send the inquirer, not to the writings of the Bishop of Oxford, but to those of Professor Sanday: to whose important paper, "On Continuity of Thought and Relativity of Expression"—in the June number of the "Modern Churchman"—I would refer Mr. Gales:—

"I do not think (says the Professor) that they—the traditionalists—at all appreciate the enormous strength of the position I am defending, or the hope it holds out of winning thinking men in the modern world to Christ. I cannot see that any of them have allowed due weight to what I have called the 'unification of thought.' The mind that has no vision of this cannot do justice to the mind that is guided by it. If we can bring Christianity into a system of unified thought, I do not see what should prevent the whole world from becoming Christian."

Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

July 10th, 1915.

Poetry.

THE HOSPITAL WAITING-ROOM.

We wait our turn, as still as mice,
For medicine free, and free advice:
Two mothers, and their little girls—
So small—each one with flaxen curls—
And I myself, the last to come.
Now as I entered that bare room,
I was not seen or heard; for both
The mothers—one in finest cloth,
With velvet blouse and crocheted lace,
Lips painted red, and powdered face;
The other ragged, whose face took
Its own dull, white, and wormy look—
Exchanged a hard and bitter stare.
And both the children, sitting there,
Taking example from that sight,
Made ugly faces, full of spite.
This woman said, though not a word
From her red painted lips was heard—
"Why have I come to this, to be
In such a slattern's company?"
The ragged woman's look replied—
"If you can dress with so much pride,
Why are you here, so neat, and nice,
For medicine free, and free advice?"
And I, who needed richer food,
Not medicine, to help my blood;
Who could have swallowed then a horse,
And chased its rider round the course,
Sat looking on, ashamed, perplexed,
Until a welcome voice cried—"Next!"

W. H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "An Introduction to the Economic History of England." Vol. I. "The Middle Ages." By E. Lipson. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Paradise of Dante." Translated by C. L. C. Shadwell. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Towards International Government." By J. A. Hobson. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey, 1906-1915." By Gilbert Murray. (Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.)
- "Dedicated." By Michael Field. (Bell. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Fawn and the Philosopher." By Horace Hutchinson. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

* * *

UNDoubtedly the book of the week which is sure of the biggest circulation is "The Book of France," edited by Miss Winifred Stephens, and published by Messrs. Macmillan in aid of the fund organized by the French Parliamentary Committee for the relief of the invaded Departments. Except that it begins with an address by Mr. Henry James, and closes with a poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, all the articles are the work of French men of letters. But the feature of the book is that, following each article, there appears a translation by some of our most distinguished English writers. This is an interesting experiment, for it is not often that we have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. H. G. Wells, or Mr. Henry James in the guise of translators. Mr. Hardy is responsible for two extracts—a tribute to Great Britain by M. J. H. Rosny, *ainé*, and some reflections on the invasion of France by M. Remy de Gourmont—and, as a rule, he keeps close to his original, though he sometimes employs a more expressive word, in one place rendering "notre sentiment" by "our heart's wound." Mr. Henry James's version of "The Saints of France," by M. Maurice Barrès is quite in the style of Mr. Henry James; while Mr. Wells's translation of his own name deserves to be noticed. M. Anatole France wrote, in his opening sentence: "Ils se réalisent les rêves prophétiques de H. G. Wells." Mr. Wells translates: "The prophetic nightmares of our scientific fantasists are being lamentably realized."

* * *

A COMPARISON between the two passages contributed by Madame Mary Duclaux raises the old questions of how far translation is possible, and what are its limits. For in translating herself, Madame Duclaux allows herself liberties which would be most reprehensible in another writer. While preserving the same general outline, her English version introduces epithets and phrases, even whole descriptions, that are not to be found in the French. Dryden held that "it is impossible to translate verbally and well at the same time," and Jebb, in the Preface to his prose version of the "Œdipus Tyrannus," declared that "the translation to be aimed at is one the principle of which shall be absolute fidelity to the original; not to the letter of the original at the cost of the spirit, but of the spirit as expressed in the letter." Very little has been written in English on the theory of translation. Matthew Arnold "On Translating Homer" is the best-known contribution to the subject, but the fullest discussion is to be found in Alexander Fraser Tytler's "Essay on the Principles of the Art of Translation," first published in 1790, and now accessible in Messrs. Dent's "Everyman's Library." Tytler's description of a good translation is one "in which the merit of the original work is so transfused into another language as to be as distinctly apprehended, and as strongly felt, by a native of the country to which that language belongs, as it is by those who speak the language of the original work."

* * *

"THE BOOK OF FRANCE" has been published appropriately on July 14th, the French National Festival in commemoration of the taking of the Bastille. There is probably no single day in modern history, not even the 9th of Thermidor or the Battle of Waterloo, about which more books have been written. M. Funck-Brentano has compiled a "Bibliographie Critique de la Prise de la Bastille,"

which gives particulars of thousands of volumes, and M. Joseph Durieux, in "Les Vainqueurs de la Bastille," cites nearly forty accounts written by eye-witnesses of the events. The ordinary reader may well quail before such an accumulation, but perhaps a list of a few of the best books on the subject will be less of a deterrent. In French, there are Flammermont's "La Journée du 14 Juillet, 1789," Lecocq's "La Prise de la Bastille et ses Anniversaires," Bord's "La Prise de la Bastille," and Jeanvrot's "Le 14 Juillet: Histoire de la Fête Nationale," as well as the descriptions in such histories as those of Thiers, Mignet, and Michelet. In English, there is not, I believe, any authoritative work which confines itself to the events of July 14th, but Carlyle's account is a masterpiece of description, and it can be corrected in matters of detail by reference to the chapters in Morse Stephen's "History" and Lord Acton's "Lectures on the French Revolution."

* * *

MR. RICHARD WHITEING's volume of reminiscences is to be called "My Harvest," and will be published in the early autumn. It gives an account of Mr. Whiteing's early life in London and of his first journalistic efforts on the "Evening Star," with Justin McCarthy as editor, and William Black and Sir Edward Russell as his colleagues. Mr. Whiteing was a special correspondent in Paris during the closing years of the Second Empire, and his book has something to say about Taine, Flaubert, the younger Dumas, Octave Feuillet, and other French men of letters.

* * *

OF Justin McCarthy, Mr. Whiteing writes in a very appreciative vein. "Ease," he says, "was the principle of his literary being. His prodigious memory was stored with cases in point from two or three literatures. He could quote by chapter and verse. . . . He seemed to write with the softest of swan quills dipped in a fluid of milk and honey, without an effort, without a pang, till the task was done." Mr. Whiteing tells the story that McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" was commissioned by a publishing firm which returned the manuscript, with a handsome compensation, in fear lest the book should prove a failure because its author had advocated Home Rule in the House of Commons. Another firm promptly accepted it, and the success of the book was immediate. The author's royalties in this country—there was then no American copyright—ran into five figures.

* * *

AT the present rate of progress the journalists who have not written books about the war will soon be greatly outnumbered by those who have. Two such volumes, both of them much above the average in promise, announced for early publication, are Mr. J. L. Garvin's "The Coming of the Great War," to be issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and Mr. F. W. Hirst's "The Political Economy of War," to come before the end of the month from Messrs. Dent.

* * *

UNDER the title of "Makers of the Nineteenth Century," Messrs. Constable, in conjunction with Messrs. Holt, of New York, have in preparation a new series of biographies, of which Mr. Basil Williams, the biographer of Chatham, is to be the general editor. Most of the books will deal with Englishmen and Americans, but it is also intended to include biographies of men of all countries who have had a definite influence on thought or action in the nineteenth century. The first four volumes to appear will be "John Delane," by Sir E. T. Cook, "Abraham Lincoln," by Lord Charnwood, "Herbert Spencer," by Mr. Hugh S. Elliot, and "Abdul Hamid," by Sir Edwin Pears. Biographies of Cecil Rhodes, Victor Hugo, General Lee, and Lord Shaftesbury are also in preparation.

* * *

THE "Pitt Diamond" is one of the most famous jewels in history, and one of the objects of Sir Cornelius Dalton's "Life of Thomas Pitt," to be published shortly by the Cambridge University Press, is to clear Governor Pitt's name from the charges of miserliness and corruption that have been levelled against it ever since the days of Pope. The work is based on much fresh material that has come to light, and it shows that Pitt did useful work as Governor of Madras at a most critical period in the history of India.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THE GERMAN MACAULAY.

"History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." By H. VON TREITSCHKE. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. With an Introduction by W. H. DAWSON. (Jarrold and Allen & Unwin. Vol. I. 12s. 6d. net.)

AMONG the minor results of the European War is the discovery of Treitschke. A year ago unknown beyond a narrow circle of scholars, to-day parsons and provincial journalists pat him familiarly on the back. For those who possess no German the materials for judgment are gradually accumulating. Mr. Davis has provided an excellent account of his political teaching. Hausrath's charming sketch of his friend has been translated, and a few of the less important essays have appeared in English dress. The ground has thus been prepared for a translation of the "Deutsche Geschichte," the first instalment of which deserves a cordial welcome. In his brief but admirable Introduction Mr. Dawson remarks that his satisfaction is "tempered by regret and almost by shame that this just tribute to a great literary achievement should have been delayed so long." He adds that no famous historical work appeals more strongly to the suffrages of the general public.

Mr. Dawson is right; for Treitschke is the German Macaulay. The careers of the two men present some curious parallels. Both wrote spirited verse. Both made their reputation by historical essays, and turned in middle life to a graver task. Both left their chief work unfinished, the one dying at fifty-nine, the other at sixty-two. Both were Members of Parliament and orators of distinction. Both were masters of a brilliant style. Both were preachers, propagandists, partisans, who employed history as their weapon in a holy war. Macaulay's gratitude to the Whigs for a free and prosperous England is only equalled by Treitschke's thankfulness to Prussia for a strong and united Germany. Both men made history as well as wrote it. Each is "the national historian."

"I desire to write a history of the Bund," announced Treitschke in 1861, "in order to show the idle masses that the two foundations of political existence, power and liberty, are lacking, and that no salvation is possible but by the annihilation of the small States." But with the disappearance of the Bund the plan was enlarged, and he resolved to attempt a panoramic view of the men and the policy, the institutions and ideas, which had prepared the way for the new Germany. The first volume, which appeared in 1879, is at once the most interesting and the least important of the five—the most interesting because it embraces the Napoleonic era, the least important because the author's researches are enshrined in its successors. But though it contains no new material it summarizes the work of other men, and successive revisions kept it abreast of scholarship till the author's death.

Treitschke's skill in arranging his material in such a way as to enforce his message is illustrated from the start. The first chapter is devoted to the Empire, paralyzed, defenceless, comatose, a ruined Gothic castle, as Wieland phrased it, the spirit of which was revealed in the inscription on the hats of "the fierce warriors of the Bishop of Hildesheim, Give peace in our time, O Lord!" Its strength had been steadily sapped by the Hapsburg realm, its most powerful member and its titular head. Thus, in his opening pages, Treitschke, like Häusser and Sybel, trains his guns on Vienna, and denounces Austria as the enemy of German greatness and German unity. The stage is thus cleverly prepared for the emergence of Prussia in the second chapter, young and vigorous, martial and Protestant, the mother of Frederick the Great, "the man who reawakened in the Germans the courage to believe in themselves." Thus before the reader has gone many steps he discerns the outlines of the coming drama, and makes acquaintance with the hero and the villain of the piece. This struggle between Hohenzollern and Hapsburg forms the backbone of the story, and gives unity to the five massive volumes which record it. Napoleon is an episode, and the minor German States are treated as the tools and satellites of the Hofburg.

Though Prussia is the predestined savior, she is not always true to herself; and Treitschke's admiration does not exclude frequent censure of her policy and her statesmen. His presentation of the diplomacy of Frederick William II. is distinctly critical. He adopts Sybel's view, which was not shared by Ranke, that the sole responsibility for the war of 1792 rests with France; but he writes of the second partition of Poland without the special pleading of his friend. "The great gap in our eastern frontier was at length closed; all the injustice that the Polish nobility had for centuries inflicted on the pioneers of German civilization was now to be atoned for. If, however, the partition itself was a deed of just necessity, the choice of the means displayed the moral decay of the Prussian State. By breach of faith and lies, by corruption and trickery, was the goal attained. Not satisfied with securing the frontier, Prussia took more than was necessary, extending its dominion into a purely Polish region. The destruction of the Polish State, merited as it was by accumulated misdeeds, was carried out by unclean hands."

Treitschke's portrait of Frederick William II., a king who has no friends, is fair enough; but he has been widely blamed for his indulgence to his son. Baumgarten declared that he spoke of Frederick William III. like a courtier, and of other rulers like a republican. The verdict is not altogether unmerited, but errs on the side of severity. "Serious-minded, and with a strong sense of duty, pious and upright, just and veracious, his intelligence comprehended only a narrow area. His nature was noble but inelastic, and essentially unpolitical. His active powers were paralyzed by an invincible diffidence." This is hardly the language of courtiers; but Baumgarten is right in contrasting the scales in which Prussian and other royalties are weighed. For instance, Treitschke pursues the Emperor Francis through several volumes with something like personal spite, and his pictures of the Rheinbund princes are darkened by his hatred of the system which they represented.

The second half of the volume covers the golden years between Jena—"the only utterly disastrous campaign in the fortunate history of Prussian warfare"—and the downfall of Napoleon. The King's noble programme, "We must make up by spiritual forces for what we have lost in the material sphere," was carried out by that band of gifted men, all except Humboldt drawn from other States, who raised Prussia from the abyss, restored her self-confidence, modernized her institutions, and prepared her in mind and body for the War of Liberation. No chapter is more fascinating than that entitled "Stein, Scharnhorst, and the New Germany." If the present volume can be said to have a hero it is Stein. As a University student Treitschke had deeply pondered Pertz's vast biography of the Westphalian nobleman. "I cannot express how the study of this mighty man delights and elevates me," he wrote. "He only thought of his duty, like the humblest official." No portrait in the long gallery of the "Deutsche Geschichte" is more carefully or lovingly drawn. "His free and great spirit always went straight to the moral nucleus of things. The true source of his political convictions was a powerful moral idealism. Anyone who was really a man, and came into contact with this spirit strong in faith, always went on his way with a brighter glance and heightened courage. To restore to the distracted monarchy its power of direction towards high moral aims, to invigorate its slumbering, magnificent energies with the awakening power of an ardent will—this was possible to Stein alone, for no other possessed the same moving and overwhelming might of a great personality." Readers who lack time or courage to grapple with the classical biographies of Seeley and Lehmann cannot do better than read these pages on the brief ministry of one of the greatest statesmen of the modern world. Hardly less impressive is the picture of Scharnhorst, the second founder of the Prussian army. These purely Teutonic types appeal more to our historian than Hardenberg and Humboldt, men of lighter metal and children of the "Aufklärung."

Alone of the Prussian school, Treitschke depicts every aspect of the national life. While in the pages of Häusser, Droysen, and Sybel—dreary enough for the most part—we read of nothing but governments and armies, he never forgets the people behind them. In the present volume we are presented with vivid sketches of the leaders of the great

intellectual revival which began in the latter half of the eighteenth century; and during the critical years of Prussia's regeneration we turn aside for a moment to listen to the lectures of Fichte and the sermons of Schleiermacher. In his later years our historian degenerated into a strident gospeller of force; but an antidote to the poison of the *Politik* may be found in these pages, which offer an impressive confirmation of the old but neglected truth that the fortunes of States depend more on moral than on material considerations, and that wisdom is the right arm of governments and princes.

G. P. GOOCH.

A BELGIAN POET.

"*Belgian Poems.*" By EMILE CAMMERTS. English Translation by TITA BRAND-CAMMERTS. (Lane. 4s. 6d. net.) "*War Poems and Other Translations.*" By Lord CURZON OF KEDLESTON. (Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

ONE is inclined to think that M. Maeterlinck's example has led English judgment astray on the subject of Belgian literature. M. Maeterlinck, with his French sources and his cosmopolitan appeal, has been hailed as the literary Belgian. It is only since the war and the meridian of M. Verhaeren's popularity, that the claims of Belgium to a national poetry have been acknowledged. And the publication of M. Cammerts' representative poetry should reinforce that tribute. It is not that he directly apostrophizes the land of his birth, or that his patriotic poems, of which there are a considerable number in this volume, have a nationalist implication. It is not in his choice of a relevant and particular subject, so much as in his treatment of themes within the ample province of all literatures, that M. Cammerts is Belgian rather than European. The very best of his poems have a mystical or religious background, but are expressed by the use of the most narrow, personal, concrete and familiar imagery. Here are a few examples. Of the three kings come to worship on Christmas Eve:—

"Nous venons du bout du monde
Cline-clanc dans la neige cline-clanc dans le froid—
Suivant depuis toujours l'étoile vagabonde,
Et nous avons faim de toi. . . ?"

"Une croupe, puis un cou, puis une tête, un chameau,
Deux chameaux, trois chameaux, ont franchi les collines
Et dans la neige, se perd, au trot, au trot,
Le tintement lointain des sonnettes cristallines."

Or the charming poem, where the shepherds give their hood, their gloves, and their pipe:—

"Afin qu'il n'ait pas froid aux yeux
Et qu'il ait bien chaud aux mains
Et que, plus tard, au haut des cieux
Il fume avec les séraphins."

"Ce n'est pas beaucoup, beaucoup—
Au son du pip—cela vaut pourtant mieux que rien—
Au son du po—et c'est tout ce que nous aimons
Autant que notre pip, notre po et notre lahitou."

Or the following delicate fancy:—

"Mais, d'ici là, ne fléchie pas,
Reste planté sur le roc de ta foi
Comme un arbre en sentinelle.
Donne ton miel à toutes les abeilles,
Tes fruits à tous les passants,
Que tes branches, secouées par le vent,
Plient sous le fardeau des nids,
Que tes œuvres soient les oiseaux étourdis
Qui s'en échappent en chantant
Pour ouvrir leur ailes à la vie."

This is M. Cammerts, so to speak, in a national nutshell. He collects his figures of poetic utterance from his own fireside, from the trees, the flowers, the fields and woods of his native land. The whole of his poetry, even in its most ambitious ventures, is contained within a country walk. To him, "le ciel est un pré," rather than a suggestion of infinity, and "les astres ses fleurs" rather than the windows of eternity. He is hardly a great poet, because his vision is bounded by too close a horizon. He is simply the fresh, candid, intimate poet of little things—of the butterfly rather than the eagle or the peacock. Nor are his homely metaphors, as with Wordsworth, intimations of immortality.

They are expressed, not as transcendental symbols, but for their own sake; not to suggest a universal synthesis, but a microcosm. And it is this concrete feeling for simple things which invests M. Cammerts' actual treatment with so much lucidity, firmness, grace, and spontaneity. The blurred outlines of the "Chants Patriotiques," their heavy, inarticulate phrasing, are due, not to any lack of feeling or sincerity, but to an unfamiliar and uncongenial medium. M. Cammerts' muse loses its head in a fine fury; it is only itself in moods of minute and vivid observation and tender quietism. Of course, such a method has its dangers—dangers of the bald, the clumsy, the prosaic, and even the ludicrous. M. Cammerts' fancifulness and sense of the appropriate usually avoid flatness of statement. But not always:—

"Il n'est jusqu'à l'orvet, et jusqu'à la limace,
Qui, infirmes et perdus, aveugles et trainards,
Ne rampent se chauffer à l'ombre de ton regard
Et ne viennent recueiller quelques miettes de ta grâce."

That is a philosophy and a manner carried to exaggerated and sentimental pedantry. Happily, such lapses are rare, too rare to spoil the impression of a neat, genuine, and delicate utterance, which has its own positive and adequate appeal.

A word as to the translation. In our opinion, it would have been better, for two reasons, to let the original speak for itself. In the first, M. Cammerts' language is so entirely without elaboration, ambiguity, or obscurity, that he does not really require any rendering at all; in the second place, only a poet could capture and transform his simplicity and deliberate artlessness. This statement is justified by the quality of the translations alone. The majority of them have been done by Mme. Cammerts. Apparently, her object has been to adjust a rhymed with a literal version, in many cases preserving the rhythm, stress, and accent of the original. Such a compromise would be dubious in more adaptable circumstances; it is absolutely fatal with M. Cammerts. Attempts at literalness are sacrificed to the exigencies of rhyme; rhyme is put out of joint by the necessity for accuracy and distinction of phrase and becomes jaunty and commonplace jingle. To take a few instances:—"Dont les moqueurs se gausseront" is rendered "at which the wise may mock"; "que m'importe qu'on raille" as "what matter though wisdom it shuns"; "le jardin pleure l'encens, l'encens des fleurs nous grise," as "the garden breathes forth incense of flowers on breeze's wing"; "l'étoile en tête, la lune en queue" as "the star before, the moon behind" (which debases the singular charm of the original); "Il fait froid, il fait nuit" as "It is cold and the night is drear" (which substitutes an ornate superfluous cliché for a perfectly comprehensive simplicity); "vos yeux fidèles, vos yeux radieux" as "your faithful eyes, so radiant clear, so true and dear" (which is only an irrelevant and flat addition); "le ciel s'empourpre" as "the sky is grey" (which is not only a commonplace, but a false interpretation); "pour que ma force soit réchauffée" as "and that my strength may *softened* be" (which is a meaning for "réchauffer" that never was on sea or land); "Entre les magnolias et les roses trémières" as "Twixt blue-bells and lilies rare" (which surely is the extreme of perversity); "de leur chanson féconde" as "with their choir loud," and so on. Such translations are not only to put the muse in blinkers, but to call it a horse. And when the translator carries her inaccuracies so far as to call "merle" a thrush, and "chat" a mouse, we can only sigh for the poet. These renderings are, indeed, only another illustration of the truism that it is a far, far better thing to render foreign verse into frank prose than into pedestrian rhyme.

Lord Curzon's book is one of great variety. He translates the war poems of M. Cammerts and other Belgian poets into English verse; Collins, Tennyson, Byron, Wordsworth, Clough, Hogg, Cowley, Gray, Mrs. Hemans, and others into Latin metres, various pieces from Plato, the Greek Anthology, and other classical authors into English verse, and makes a rhymed adaptation of Addison's "Vision of Mirzah." Such an enterprise, in these unlettered days, is very agreeable. Would that the achievement matched the ambition! But the renderings, whether in Latin or English, do not rise above an accomplished facility. Lord Curzon's

elegiacs are seldom more than academic exercises, and have just the ease and ingenuity of the average sixth form scholar in a public school. But we certainly prefer the Latin to the English translations. Lord Curzon, in the latter, is far too apt to take the line of least resistance—to avoid the rare, the detailed, the delicate, or distinguished expression by ready-made clichés and vague, happy-go-lucky phrasing manufactured to fit the metre rather than the sense. This, for instance, from M. Cammaerts' song to King Albert of Belgium :—

"Nous vous suivrons où vous nous conduirez,
Et nous vous donnerons notre vie quand vous voudrez."

is rendered :—

"Whereso'er you will to lead us,
We will come full fain,
If you bid us shed our life-blood,
Sire, 'tis yours to drain."

Where is "Sire" and "draining life-blood" in the original? And what a travesty of simplicity it is to introduce the word "fain," a pretentious commonplace, into the clear simplicity of the French. Or, take Lord Curzon's translation of that exquisite fifteenth-century anonymous ballad, "Le Soldat Mort" :—

"Gentils gallans de France,
Qui en la guerre allez,
Je vous prie qu'il vous plaise
Mon amy saluer."

"Kind gentlemen of France,
A-marching out to war,
I pray you, an you please,
Give cheer to my suitor."

It is as wrong as it can possibly be.

THE DARWINS AND WEDGWoods.

"Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters, 1792-1896." Edited by her Daughter, HENRIETTA LITCHFIELD. (Murray. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

This is the autobiography of a family, or rather a group of families, over a period of more than a century. The earliest letter is dated August 20th, 1792; the latest September 23rd, 1896. Hence the range is from French revolutionary times to virtually the present day. The family group consists of the Allens, the Wedgwicks, and the Darwins; all belonging to the well-to-do middle classes, all interconnected by marriage and social intimacy, and two of them—the Wedgwicks and Darwins—superlatively representative of the nineteenth-century science and industry. It is the class, a comparatively small one, to which these families belong that more than any other, by virtue of its brains, its distinctive morality, and its energy, remade England, and made her so great in the last five reigns. We take so much for granted concerning this *haute bourgeoisie* of ours of the Victorian era; we are so well acquainted, because most of us have more or less been brought up in them, with its ideals, prejudices, home-life and culture, that we do not realize how little self-conscious that class has been, how it has shunned the limelight, how little prolific it has been in memoirs and the like. Since the 'nineties there has been a gradual transformation of ideals and habits in this country. This war, like the great war with France, is bound to open a new phase of national life. Hence these two volumes of family correspondence are of high and growing sociological importance.

These letters were collected and committed to the care of Emma Darwin, Charles Darwin's wife, by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Wedgwood. They have been edited by Charles Darwin's daughter, Mrs. Litchfield, and the selection was dictated by the consideration that "the volumes were originally prepared for private circulation only." The appeal, in fact, was to "the younger members of the Darwin family," whose interest in the daily well-being and inner domestic affairs of their ancestors might be presumed to be greater than that of the general public. Family-trees of the Allens, Wedgwicks, and Darwins, and a table of the *dramatis personae*, are prefixed to each volume, and some occasional biographical notes help the reader along. At

first he is likely to be appalled at the ocean of small talk and small events into which he has seemingly launched himself. But well before he has reached the end of the first volume, he will find himself fascinated. He will have become so curiously familiar with the households that he will almost feel a Darwin or a Wedgwood himself. Generation succeeds generation; the letter-writers with whom the reader first makes acquaintance in their youth grow up, marry, have children; he comes to share almost personally in the family bereavements and the family rejoicings. The reader's interest in these volumes, once it has got under weigh, is very much of the same kind as Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale" excites. One may attempt a comparison, too, between the novelist's method of building up a mosaic of minor events and the haphazard course of this family correspondence.

A delightful picture is given of Charles Darwin as lover, husband, and father. In his early days in London the young scientist drew up some rough notes on the pros and cons of marriage. Among the pros are "Children (if it please God)—constant companion (and friend in old age)—charms of music and female chit-chat"; among the cons are "Terrible loss of time; if many children, forced to earn one's bread; fretting about no society." This is only half serious; not so, perhaps, the conclusion :—

"My God, it is intolerable to think of spending one's whole life like a neuter bee, working, working, nothing after all. No, no; won't do. Imagine living all one's days in a smoky, dirty London house—only picture to yourself a nice, soft wife on a sofa, with good fire and books, and music perhaps—compare this vision with the dingy reality of Great Marlborough Street. Marry, marry, marry, Q.E.D."

Within two years the Q.E.D. had become a Q.E.F., and he had married Emma Wedgwood, the principal heroine of these volumes, and a very remarkable woman. Charles Darwin's love-letters to his future wife are exceedingly charming, and he remained her lover for life, while she, as everyone knows, became his nurse. It is curious to note that in his youth Darwin was afraid that he was too plain-faced to have much chance of marrying.

In these volumes there are many casual references to celebrities. A dinner is described at which Carlyle disputed with Mazzini about music :—

"T. C. could see nothing in Beethoven's Sonatas, 'it told nothing.' It was like a great quantity of stones tumbled down for a building, and 'it might have been as well left in the quarry.' He insisted on Mazzini telling him what he gained by hearing music, and when Mazzini said inspiration and elevation, Carlyle said something not respectful of Beethoven, and Mazzini ended with 'Dieu vous pardonne.' It was very amusing."

In another briefly-recorded conversation Carlyle thus sums up the teaching of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice":—"That you must be a 'good and true man' to build a common dwelling-house." Of Newman, the dogmatic Scotsman said:—"He was a kind and affectionate man, who was much afraid of damnation, and hoped to creep into Heaven under the Pope's petticoats." Then, he added:—"But he has no occiput." Charles Darwin did not take to Mrs. Carlyle, complains that her remarks were not "very intelligible," owing to "an hysterical kind of giggle," and adds:—"I cannot think that Jenny is either quite natural or lady-like."

There are many references to Sydney Smith's high spirits and gaiety, but in one chance phrase it is said that he grew "more indecorous both in his jokes and laughter." Fanny Allen paints a rather disconcerting picture of the Smith household :—

"Sydney is a gay and very happy man, but poor Mrs. Sydney is very nearly the reverse. I am convinced that the wife of a wit is under the constant discipline of mortification. She has detailed ruder and more offensive things done to her than I have ever heard committed towards anybody."

In another letter Fanny Allen lets out the piquant and quite new fact that Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, was wooing Florence Nightingale, or perhaps only flirting. "Mr. Milnes is lively and pleasant, but he is plain and common-looking, so that he must make his way with Florence by his mind, and not the outward man. Mrs.

Sara Coleridge told us his confession to her was that he wished to be in love, and could not." We are told of Borrow in 1868 that "he lives the same life among ragamuffins in London as he used to do in Spain. He was quite an unbeliever (and is still) when he went about the Bible in Spain, and the book gave one that impression."

But such tit-bits of gossip are few and far between. The real delight and value of these volumes is their intimate and exact portraiture of our English middle-class life in its finest form through several successive generations.

THE FAMOUS "75."

"Le '75'." Conférence faite par M. TH. SCHLESING Fils, Membre de l'Institut. (Paris : Berger-Levrault. 40c.)

M. SCHLESING's contribution to the excellent series, "Pages d'Histoire," is certainly one of the most fascinating numbers. He justly points out that the "75," quite apart from its destructive powers, has become a powerful moral factor. In the searching test of actual warfare it has more than fulfilled the hopes which were built upon it, and after eight months of almost continual use the pieces show little sign of wear and tear. More than this, the gun has established its superiority over other pieces in the field.

The field gun which from its internal diameter of 75 millimètres is called the "75," is the fruit of much research, set in motion by ideas which became current in various countries in 1891-2. General Langlois, at the "Ecole de Guerre," visualized the field gun of the future as something far different from that in use at the time. This gun had to be re-laid after each shot, the gunners having to stand clear of the carriage as the firing took place. As a consequence, the gun could afford them no protection by an armored shield. Firing was slow and laborious. It could not be more rapid, of course, until smokeless powder put an end to the bank of smoke which obscured the aim of the gunners. But Langlois saw that the line of development must lie in the direction of making the gun-carriage immovable during firing. Captains Saint-Claire Deville and Rimailho, working on the lines suggested by Langlois, in 1897 perfected a gun which met the problems so ingeniously that it was adopted, and became the model for all quick-firing field guns. This was the "75," which consists of a steel tube of the unusual length of 33 calibres. The breech is of the eccentric screw type: a rotation of 180 degrees presents the opening ready for charging; reversed, the chamber is closed. Opening and closing the gun are each accomplished by one operation. The carriage is fixed by a spade in the end of the trail, which is driven into the ground, and by two metallic brakes which are driven into the ground under the wheels by a simple movement. The trail is raised, and the blocks drop under the wheel; the spade is then driven into the ground, and the gun is fixed by the three points. But these contrivances are merely ancillary to the recoil apparatus upon which the gun rests and, after firing, rides by means of three rollers. The principle of the recoil apparatus is hydro-pneumatic. Attached to the breach of the gun is a piston which works through a cylinder. When the gun recoils it carries back the piston against the resistance of a liquid which compresses the air in another cylinder. The liquid thus acts as a break, and, at the same time, as a piston which compresses the air and gives it the potential energy to return the gun at the end of the recoil to the firing position. M. Schlesing is unable to admit us into the whole secret of the recoil apparatus, though it must now be known to the Germans. The gun is so arranged on its carriage that it can be directed right or left for the "mowing" action without changing the anchorage of the carriage. The "75" uses shell and shrapnel, the charge of the former being melinite; and it fires a maximum of twenty rounds per minute.

The German rival of the "75" is the "77," and M. Schlesing gives comparative data for the two guns. The German gun is shorter and lighter; its muzzle velocity is lower; the shrapnel bullets are only five-sixths of the weight of the French; and the danger zone of the shell is smaller. Its advantages are its independence of the elaborate anchorage of the "75," its increased mobility, and its

greater protective shield. On the other hand, it is inferior in such essentials as stability, aiming, sweeping or mowing fire, and in rapidity and depth of fire. It is not difficult to agree with M. Schlesing that, although the German corps have 144 guns to 120 of the French corps, the fact that these latter are the "75" piece will maintain for the French artillery their decided superiority.

NOVELS AS YOU RUN.

"Hyssop." By M. T. H. SADLER. (Constable. 6s.)

"It's an Ill-Wind." By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)

"Seed of Fire." By HENRY MAYNE. (Melrose. 6s.)

"Jaffery." By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (Lane. 6s.)

As anyone who reads an average number of average novels a year would agree, the realistic type which Mr. Compton Mackenzie adapted from the earlier naturalistic example of Mr. Arnold Bennett, has captured the maiden fancy of our younger novelists. To tabulate one's psychological adventures at school and the University has become a kind of higher certificate to the literary life. The consequence is that, of late years, there has been yet another Oxford movement—a calculated and scientific movement of undergraduates through the pages of novels. We are, indeed, rather suspicious of this realist's Oxford. It is not, we feel, Oxford as it is, but as the more enlightened American visitor would like to have it—a Pantagruelian Arcadia of ironical dons speculative undergraduates, and "dreaming spires." And in "Hyssop," Mr. Sadler has certainly carried the torch of the Mackenzie tradition, that tradition which has been elaborated with so much devotion, so much diligence and, alas, so little art. Gordon Murray goes to "Wallace" College (how painfully we discovered that it was really "Balliol") with much the same impersonal, intelligent, naive attitude to life as Michael Fane. There, in the neo-novelist's diary-cum-chronicle manner, he develops his social consciousness, and discusses religion, philosophy, literature, politics, and, of course, sex, with his chosen debaters. In the vacations, he goes abroad, particularly to the Latin Quarter in Paris, where he talks more charmingly and airily than ever, and from which he returns well tarred with the Post-Impressionist brush. The appearance of "Daisy," an Oxford flower-seller, throws out feelers towards a rudimentary plot, of which hitherto there has not been so much as a phantom. Gordon's friend Graham St. George, seduces Daisy, and becomes engaged to Margaret, who had been playing upon Gordon's lyrical heart-strings with the delicacy of an accomplished philanderer. It is curious to observe how the book, following in "Sinister Street's" footsteps, having done with its Dutch interiors of Oxford life, plunges forth right into a cruder realism. Gordon encounters Daisy again in America, who, thanks to St. George's recreation, has become a broken prostitute. St. George, unknown to Gordon, renews his liaison with her and Gordon, discovering it, insists upon St. George breaking his engagement. The book ends with the breaking of the latter's promise, and the announcement in the paper of his marriage with Margaret. The quixotry of Gordon has availed him nothing. With the exception of the last quarter, which, for all its sincerity and good feeling, is as clumsy and artless as it well could be, it is a clever and entertaining book. That it is no more, is perhaps less Mr. Sadler's fault than that of the inartistic medium which he has selected.

Oxford again sticks up its dreaming spires into the environment of "It's an Ill-Wind." Only it is an Oxford of some twenty years ago, and the spires are painted yellow. And when Adrian Corbet goes up, it is to paint the town mauve:

"In his second year Adrian took a holiday from common sense and became 'rather wonderful.' Liqueurs, in beautifully shaped bottles, became his usual drinks, and he and his friends would sit up all night and let the pale dawn caress their 'avid' faces, aglow with 'strange desires.'

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Mal,' and the 'Fêtes Galantes' of Verlaine they also read to one another, but Mallarmé was not on the whole popular. He was so very difficult to understand, although certainly the mysterious plight of the beautiful suicide could communicate, after many glasses of Maraschino, a *frisson inconnu*."

On stepping out of his hot-house, or, as he would no doubt have called it, his *serre chaude*, Adrian comes to London and joins the "Squash," a hugger-mugger of dilettante Bohemians. For a year he edits "The Monocle," which discusses artistic problems with becoming virtuosity. Otherwise his soul is a battling ground for the rivalries of Rose Harford, "a selfish prude" with a taste for pornographic novels, and the "queen" of the "Squash," "a charming unconventional creature," with a decidedly ambiguous disposition.

"Seed of Fire" is an unpretentious and genuine though undistinguished attempt to reconstruct the events and estimate the forces which led to the execution of Ferrer. The element of conflict is introduced by the struggle of Mossen Pascual the priest and Doña Perfecta Sanchez, an aristocratic parasite, to win over Gloria Aurelada, Santiago Aurelada's (or Ferrer's) mistress-wife, to the Church and reaction. Mr. Mayne has a keen sympathy with Aurelada's educational and humanitarian ideals, and presents his materials easily and fluently.

"Jaffery" is another of Mr. Locke's vagabonds. He is a herculean knight-errant, with sinews of iron, and a heart of gold. His distinguishing characteristic is to shout "Ho, ho, ho!" at the top of his voice, in elegantly appointed country-houses. Naturally, when he falls in love, it is with all the tenderness and self-sacrifice of a little child. Doria, the wife of Adrian Boldero, a novelist, is his choice, a Dresden shepherdess with a glass heart and a round little china head, with nothing inside it. Adrian, it appears, had not really written the great work of genius, of which so many copies were sold; he had filched it from his dead friend, Tom Castleton. Adrian dies, before the completion of another and mysterious masterpiece, and so Jaffery must write it all himself (the book being non-existent) and under Adrian's name, in order to preserve Doria's rose-water illusions about her husband. This book, too, is a masterpiece, of which a large number of copies are sold. Doria, however, sickens even Jaffery in the end, and away he goes with a ho, and a ho, and a ho, into the arms of Liosha, a lady whose Albanian parentage and American education enabled her to cap Jaffery's exercises in voice production with a hey, nonny-no. And there let us take leave of Jaffery the man, whom Mr. Locke would like us to believe such a racy neo-primitive, and of "Jaffery" the book, which breathes so persistently the perfume of coffee and liqueurs.

The Week in the City.

THE City is still gasping under the War Loan. Everyone agrees that the subscriptions have been wonderful. But the liquid capital of the country has been pretty well cleared up, and the question arises: What is to be the future of the Money Market, and how is the war to be financed when this loan is used up? The bankers' subscriptions, of course, cannot be placed in the same category with the ordinary subscriptions, of which an enormous proportion is being paid up in full. One is sorry to hear of a timid

movement in favor of an official minimum quotation for the new War Loan. Nothing could be worse, or more likely to hamper the business community. The whole Treasury system of minimum prices inaugurated by Mr. Lloyd George has been a mistake; for even the Treasury cannot compel anybody to buy stock at its own price. The effect is merely to destroy the marketability, and therefore the desirability of Government loans. What, for instance, could be worse for Consols than to make them unsaleable on the London Stock Exchange? This reminds me that some shrewd judges doubt the advantages of converting Consols, and advise holders to wait till the end of the war, when a big rise, they think, may be expected in all gilt-edged stocks, which are a long way below par. Among these, Indian stocks, including the guaranteed railways, may be well worth consideration just now, as one hears very good reports of harvest and trade prospects from Calcutta and Bombay. Thursday's Bank return showed a small but satisfactory improvement in the reserve. Unfortunately, the American Exchange is no better, the dollars showing an appreciation of about 2 per cent. in our currency. Yet there have been very heavy sales of American securities in part payment for the supplies we are receiving in food and war material. There are various reports in the City that the financial situation in Germany has become critical, and that the German bankers are imploring the Government to negotiate a peace in order to avoid a complete collapse of public and private credit. In spite of this, there is much pessimism, for the war has naturally proved disastrous to innumerable City interests.

THE ARGENTINE RAILWAY YEAR.

The Argentine railways close their year on June 30th, but do not declare their dividends until November, after the accounts for the year are made up. Their traffic returns for the year, however, are usually close to the final figures, and afford a very fair criterion of the annual reports. The Buenos Ayres and Pacific reports a decrease of £321,000 as compared with last year, its gross receipts amounting to £4,522,000 for the year ended June 30th last. This is a disappointing result, for last year's figures looked poor beside the excellent results of 1912-13, and it is certain that the Ordinary stockholders can expect no dividend this year. The Second Preference and Argentine Great Western Ordinary stocks, which rank equally, may have to go short, but they should get at least 3 per cent., and as lock-ups they are worth attention. Holders of them certainly should not sell at the present low prices. The Buenos Ayres Great Southern results are also most disappointing, showing receipts for the year of £4,915,000, a decline of £525,000 from last year's total. Last year 5 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, against 7 in previous years, was only paid by taking £156,000 from the carry forward, and stockholders must not count upon more than 4 per cent. this year. The Buenos Ayres Western also paid 5 per cent. against 7, and took nearly £80,000 from its carry forward last year; but it has been able to keep up its receipts this year, and should have been able to get its expenses down somewhat, so that its 5 per cent. dividend should be repeated this year. The Central Argentine last year cut its dividend down from 6 to 5 per cent., though it might have paid more, as it added £214,000 to its carry forward. This year it shows a decline of £274,000 in its gross receipts—much less than the decline on the Great Southern, although the Centrals' receipts last year were relatively much better than those of the Southern. The Central probably still has some further power to reduce expenditure, and might be able, if desirable, to pay 6 per cent. this year.

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Members of the Medical profession will be admitted on presentation of visiting cards.

The Exhibition will be open to the Public. Admission 2s. on July 20th, 21st, and 22nd, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Further particulars can be obtained from C. H. KENDREDINE, Esq., Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.

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